# THE COMMONWEAL

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# SANCTITY AND SOCIETY

THE memorable celebration of the martyrdom of Father Jogues and his Jesuit companions at Auriesville, New York, called forth more than ordinary comments in the secular press. The reverent and sympathetic tone of these comments—particularly the remarkable editorial in the New York Times, suggests that there is returning to the consciousness of humanity after a long eclipse, some dawning realization of the social value of the mysterious thing called sanctity. For both the will with which the martyrs accept and even welcome death, and the supernatural motive which inspires their will, issue into the supreme virtues that when achieved, make men and women into saints, and, incidentally perhaps, yet most surely, confer inestimable benefits upon others than themselves. Referring to the beatification of Jogues and his companions, the Times says that the Church has thus given recognition of its debt to these Jesuit heroes. "But he and his companions," it goes on to say, "in venturing their all in behalf of the spiritual and physical welfare of the savages in America, deserve something of the nation as well as of the Church. Yet whatever they contributed to the background of our national life—and that was much, for while France yielded to other powers her vast domain, evoked by explorer, adventurer and priest, she virtually gave it to the building of a new nation—they have given an example of heroic virtue that ought never to be lost to that land to which their spirits gave their brave dust. There is a debt which the Hill of Martyrs should never let us as a people forget."

For those of us who are of this world, worldly—even though we may believe and even strive to act on our belief that the world is impermanent, its values not final, and that there is truly a spiritual universe transcending the material one—for us to speak about sanctity and the saints is to plunge into almost insuperable difficulties of understanding, of expression, of definition. It is like trying to analyze and to define poetry, or the soul of music, only it is a task vastly more delicate and difficult even than those, which have been the despair of critics since the beginning of literature.

What is a saint?

When the soul of Gerontius, in Newman's great poem—"that poem," as Father Martindale writes, "in which, as in none other, says (dare we say?) the Apocalypse, the walls of time and space flicker and


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grow thin before the pressure of eternity"—when the soul of Gerontius was borne through the cold deeps of death toward Judgment, he heard one answer given to that question by the demons, who in raucous chorus howled—

What's a saint?
One whose breath
Doth the air taint
Before his death;
A bundle of bones
Which fools adore . . .
When life is o'er,
Which rattle and stink . . .
E'en in the flesh.
We cry his pardon!
No flesh hath he. . .
For it hath died,
'Tis crucified. . .
That holy clay—
This gains guerdon,
So priestlings prate.

But even if the demons deride, they know the power of sanctity—as defeated men may scoff at and curse their conquerors, yet be obliged to acknowledge their superiority. Their answer to the question is not that which would be given by the generality of men and women today, who, because they have no belief in God, cannot of course even dimly comprehend the idea of sanctity. To such, the saint must and can only seem the waster and the denier, even the enemy of life, the refuser of happiness, the anticipator of death, the supreme victim of illusion. Only by granting that the saints, or those who without achieving sanctity, search after it, at least are consistent idealists, although the ideal itself is a terrible mistake, can the more noble-minded unbelievers grant them a pitying admiration.

The answer that many believers give to the same question is at best very vague. The saint seems to them one set so apart from the rest of us that he has really ceased to be human—a false idea, for which far too many poor books about saints must bear the responsibility for encouraging. They do not know the saint as one who has lived a life in which he has been heroic in the ways in which all men and women are deficient, or else merely ordinary, or at best fitfully active; the ways of the high virtues of human effort; the ways of faith, hope, and love, of prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance, all exemplified in a great and constant measure—to say nothing about the saint as one in whom the ineffable central mystery of religion, man's union with Divinity—has been, in greater or lesser degree, accomplished.

The saint, surely, is none other than the pioneer of mankind in its great affair of transcending humanity, overcoming the limitations of mortality, and passing through weakness, pain, sorrow, disappointments, and death to strength, health, joy, reality and everlasting life. The saint is our true leader. The humblest and littlest saint is a greater conqueror than Caesar or Alexander or Napoleon; his life means more good to mankind than the researches of all the scientists, the inventions of all the inventors, the books of all the philosophers, the creations of all the artists. He is greater and more powerful even than our millionaires—though to believe this is to be the supreme heretic from the really dominant creed of modernity. He alone is the true realist. As all ideals other than Christianity are at best mediocre, or partial, or tainted with falsity, and cannot fully satisfy the human soul, so the saint is singular among all human heroes in that he alone achieves his ideal, he alone escapes frustration, and therefore, he alone is safe for other men to follow. This is why every Christian altar, since the beginning of Christian worship, has contained the relic of a saint. This is why the communion of the saints—the interpretation of all Christian life by prayers to the saints, by reliance upon their beneficial influence, by the inspiration of their lives, by the limitation of their deeds—is of the very essence of religion, and therefore, of the very marrow of human life, because life without religion is not life, but death.

That tens of millions of Catholics, in all parts of the earth, should heartily and unanimously hold these views, and yet that their views should be so little regarded by, and apparently have such small effect upon, the world and the world's public opinion, and the world's way of life, is, we think, a signal proof of the weak position of Christianity today. For such views would be normal in a truly Christian society. If and when Christianity becomes again predominant, these views will become general, popular, public, only questioned by rebels. The saint will once more by common consent be accepted as the greatest man, the greatest woman; sanctity recognized as the supreme object of human life. There are many signs—we will not say of the full return of the Christian dominance of society, but certainly of a stronger, and ever stronger, re-growth and influence and spread of Catholic Christianity.

It is not that the saint may not be as other men and women are, and share their most human emotions, and weaknesses, and errors, and do their works, and sin, and fail. Were that the case, how could they help us, or encourage, or understand us, or be our friends, counselors, and leaders? They would not be saints at all, but creatures other than human, a separate and different order of beings. It is largely the fault of far too much of the literature concerning the saints—in its mealy-mouthed, bloodless, nerveless style, its timid if not cowardly avoidance of facts and realities concerning the humanity of the saints, particularly those of them—and they are many—who knew all the weaknesses and the faults and the crimes and the sins of life, that we think of saints as a class set far apart from us, and not as the true men and women, only stronger, truer than most, that in reality they are.

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## WEEK BY WEEK

AS a nation we have tried to be a courteous and rather attentive host to the Congress of the Interparliamentary Union. This is not the first time that the congress has convened in the United States —a session having been held in St. Louis prior to the war—but this year's assemblage was, perhaps, exceptionally distinguished both in numbers and quality. Men of real influence in the legislative bodies of great nations, meeting for the purpose of discussing the promotion of international concord, should be able to return to their posts with a larger consciousness of those ways in which the world is likely to secure a more permanent social welfare. We do not suppose that results of vast and immediate consequence will follow—indeed, the congress has not yet arrived at the stage where its members are expected to urge any line of action before their home governments. But it should be possible to give wide publicity to some thoughtful, progressive principles urged by delegates.

IT is of interest to note that the Interparliamentary Union was originally something like a League of Nations in embryo: it came into existence because certain statesmen of England, France and Germany realized, prior to the war, that differences between their countries were leading to conflict. And though the idea could not stave off the terrible turmoil, it was vital enough to survive the years of slaughter and to appear in a practical form of much stronger prestige. At present the union is especially concerned with economic problems, for which it attempts to find a common solution. Much of great importance has been talked of this year. But perhaps the chief direct benefit to us is the fact that Americans have been brought in touch with many genuine leaders from other lands, and have seen that the will for peace is a universal and most serious thing.

THE failure of the League of Nations to come to a decision upon the Iraq boundary dispute is a great disappointment, the more so as the calling of more Turkish troops to the colors, what looks like a concentration of the British fleet in eastern waters, and the strong letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury, written both as Briton and churchman, upon the fate of the Christians of Iraq, seem to indicate that the dangers to world peace around Mosul, if more distant in space than any in Poland or on the Rhine, are considerably nearer in time. The attitude of the League in the whole matter has been curious and a little dubious. Disingenuousness is too strong a word for it. What seems to be registered is rather a conviction that strong national and material interests are in conflict (the oil-fields of Southern Persia are the mainstay of the British naval supply) which may render its decision a nugatory one, together with a natural desire not to risk the blow to its prestige that a failure to arbitrate successfully would entail.

THE general impression since the matter first fell into the hands of the League has been that it would consider itself a competent tribunal. Boundary commissioners appointed by it had visited the disputed territory and a tentative delimitation had been drafted at Brussels for submission to the body when the question came upon the tapis. Instead of this, successive delegations, always a sign of irresolution, took place. The matter was referred to a sub-committee of three, which, in its turn, has cast the onus of a decision upon the Supreme Court of Justice at The Hague. The ostensible reason for the delay is a doubt whether the council is entitled to act as a decisive body or as a mediatory one. Article V of the covenant provides that all decisions, save in the case of procedure, must be unanimous and the matter is further complicated by the fact that Turkey, which not unnaturally demands to sit in, is not a League member.

THE prospects of a unanimous decision on such a question with both Britain and Turkey represented may best be judged by the tone of the comment in London and Angora. This features the familiar charge, which has been a prelude to so many armed clashes, that the other party to the dispute is bluffing and has only to be resolutely faced to climb down from its position. The acid test of the League's usefulness has always been foreseen. It was the strain bound to come when two strong powers found themselves at odds over a matter in which national prestige had got involved. Under these circumstances the word

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"mediate" for "arbitrate" may be as blessed as the word "Mesopotamia" once proved itself. But it is to be hoped that, in some form or another, authority will be preserved. To evade the issue by taking it out of the League's competence would be an expedient not much less damaging than a direct failure to render its decision binding.

MEANTIME, there is almost certain to be a stern clash of interest at the great Security Pact meeting to be held in Lucarno. It is quite evident that the point at issue is not at all the demilitarization of the Rhineland, but the reshaping of the European power map. Up to the present time France, resting securely on the Treaty of Versailles—which her statesmen did not know what to make of even after it had been given to them—has pretty nearly dictated the trend of political affairs. To modify that dictatorship is the real object of the Lucarno conference. Germany comes on equal terms with her victors, demanding the evacuation of Cologne, asking for a new declaration on the subject of war guilt, and knowing full well that the tendency of her government towards the Right is supported by the firm will of her great population. France goes in an evil hour, with her financial problems unsolved and perhaps insoluble, while two stiff wars in the colonies are draining and diverting her energies, and when the character of her government is as unsettled as it has ever been since 1918. Great Britain is particularly concerned with one thing—the East. For her a wall between Germany and France is a guarantee of domestic security that will make possible something like a definite settlement of numerous serious problems in the Near East and elsewhere. And so, perhaps, it is not too much to say that the Lucarno conference is going to be a decisive attempt to break an artificial and arbitrary control of European energies by military power for the sake of a more natural alignment in which economic strength will be the controlling factor.

WHATEVER may be one's feeling on the subject, it seems clear that France has made one giant mistake —the mistake with Germany. At the close of the war, or even before that, her destiny demanded one of two policies: either the dismemberment of the Reich, or a determined and temporarily costly effort of economic juncture with the Reich. She pursued neither, stumbling about in a hopeless attempt to secure impossible indemnities, and wasting her time cementing a Little Entente which, in the very nature of things, can never be secure. What is Poland between a conceivably united Germany and Russia? Not a barrier but a Belgium. The recent declarations of M. Tchicherin in Berlin and Warsaw have impressed upon the world that now, even more than prior to 1914, Russia is what decides the fate of eastern Europe. Will the Soviet government and the Reich join arms? Should they do so, there will be created an economic compact of such might that the eventual failure of France must be accepted as inevitable even by her own statesmen. But can Germany be brought into a League of Nations which will be strengthened by increased evidence of its supreme importance for the well-being of Europe? Then—and only then—will the alignment of power that must necessarily follow the Lucarno conference prove amenable to the well-being of the continent as a whole. Strangely enough, it is the League of Nations which every American must hope will be dominant in the minds of the statesmen who are going to attempt the establishment of a new order for a sorely harassed world. For that league is at once a progressive amalgamation of western European peoples and the only positive barrier against an increased and almost surely malignant Russian economic strength.

THE official investigation of our air-fleet has not as yet resulted in definite conclusions which the layman can sponsor. We are no nearer understanding what kind of apparatus should be promoted, or what manner of general control ought to be exercised. But it must strike everyone that there exists a real and dangerous cleavage between the men who perform the tasks of aviation and the men who shape policies and supervise the service. Those who doubted that Colonel Mitchell's gruff words were much more than the exploding animus of a crank, will be especially attentive to the testimony of officers in the naval flying corps, as given before the Air Board. All of them loyally affirmed their faith in the navy, but all declared that up to the present, conquering the air had been a rather poorly conducted experiment. Why? First of all because of weak morale; and this led the New York Times to declare editorially—"to be in constant danger of an accident which may prove fatal, and yet be handicapped in promotion and subject to the orders of superiors who are not flying officers, must be intolerable." Indeed it must; and some form of changed supervision should be inaugurated. But what? Several of the naval officers, in opposing Colonel Mitchell's unified aviation, spoke in favor of an organization similar to the Marine Corps.

IT is somewhat difficult to see any large differences between these two standpoints, and it ought to be possible by compromise to identify them. For the present much will have been accomplished if the need for change and improvement is admitted—a need which Colonel Mitchell deserves the country's thanks for having stressed in the only manner that could get attention. By contrast, the conduct of Secretary Wilbur is almost absurdly flabby and floundering. His lusty proclamation of optimism at an hour when careful seriousness should have been the attitude of a man entrusted with such large responsibilities, proves once

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again that not everybody is eligible to a seat in the Cabinet. "Instead of exerting himself to correct faults that undoubtedly exist," comments the Brooklyn Eagle, "Mr. Wilbur has stubbornly refused to concede that any mistakes have been made. For the moment Mr. Coolidge must stand by Mr. Wilbur, but public opinion demands far-reaching reforms in the management of the navy, reforms which Mr. Wilbur is unfitted to bring about. In the end he will have to relinquish his post." This is all very well. But recent years have brought to the fore this question: It is easy to change the Cabinet, but how are you going to get a Cabinet that does not call for change?

A VERY high distinction has fallen to the lot of a French-Canadian man of science, Felix d'Herelle, who is director of the Bacteriological Laboratory at Alexandria, Egypt. The Leeuwenhoeck medal, awarded every ten years to the scientist who has made during that period, the most important discovery in micro-organic research, has been conferred upon him by the Royal Academy of Sciences in Amsterdam. Leeuwenhoeck, for whom the medal is named, was born in Delft in 1632, and died in 1723. During that time, he became not merely one of the most skilful pioneers in the manufacture of microscopes, then in a very embryonic condition, but also a remarkable discoverer, many important observations appearing in his numerous papers of which considerably more than one hundred were published in the philosophical transactions of the Royal Society of England. The medal founded in his honor has had many distinguished recipients, Pasteur having been the medalist in 1895.

DR. BARNARD, the discoverer of the ultra-microscope described in these columns recently, has, at the meeting of the British Association just concluded, been outlining an even further extension of this marvelous instrument by the use of fluorite lenses in a vacuum in order to eliminate the disturbing influence of the air. By this means, he hopes to get on the photographic plate the actual molecules of matter as well as the germs of whooping-cough, measles and other diseases almost certainly bacterial in their origin, but whose organisms, on account, it is believed, of their exceedingly small size, have so far eluded the quest of the bacteriologist. That the prospects for this new method are bright ones seems probable from the further wonders which Dr. Barnard at the same meeting showed, as revealed by his instrument. Many people have seen the test-tubes in a bacteriological laboratory, each containing a little mass of jelly on which the germs grow after inoculation and treatment in an incubator. To us jelly looks a fairly solid mass, but when photographed by Dr. Barnard, with the aid of the cadmium light which gives an enlargement of 3,000 diameters and only requires an exposure of one-tenth of a second, the apparently solid mass reveals itself as of a spongy texture with channels running through it containing fluid by the sides of which the cancer germs can be seen resting and feeding.

DR. KROEBER of the University of California, who has recently published a very useful manual of anthropology, has given through the Smithsonian Institute an account of one of the most conservative races so far described in any part of the world. These are the Indians of the San Francisco Bay district, who have, he tells us, been living in the same place, in exactly the same way, and even with the same religion, or at any rate, the same charms (for their religion long ago degenerated into magic) for at least 3,500 years. Thus they are as they were when Troy was besieged, when Solomon was building his temple and when Greek civilization had yet to take on those features which we regard as characteristic. These people are shore-dwellers and belong to that grade of civilization known as "kitchen-midden" from the great shell-heaps which form the refuse of their meals.

SUCH peoples were first described along the coasts of Scandinavia, and the name was there given to them. But they are to be met with in all parts of the world. There are huge partly demolished mounds of oyster shells along the shores of Cork Harbor in Ireland which were raised by ancient people of this form of culture. Where livelihood is easily to be gained by collecting the fruits of the sea, as, for example in Tierra del Fuego, there is an inevitable tendency for the community to stagnate. It has what it wants in the way of food; what more does it want? It can provide for itself with but little exertion; why should it strive further? In fact here we have the replica of the history of the great nation of the Doasyoulikes who lived in the land of Readymade at the foot of the Happygolucky Mountains, as described by Charles Kingsley in The Water Babies, and in both cases lack of incentive led to a complete standstill. What makes the example of the San Francisco Indians, so far as is known, unique, is that they are the one instance of this type of life to survive until our own day. Most of the people of the kitchen-midden culture died out long ago, and are only known to us by their shell-heaps.

THE season in the Church's liturgical year during which, Sunday after Sunday, the miracles wrought by the Saviour of men are recounted for us, is a peculiarly fitting one for the inauguration of such a body as the Society of Medical Missionaries, whose first house was formally opened in Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, September 30. The work to which the noble women who compose it are devoting themselves is not an innovation. Monasteries and convents for centuries were centres of nursing and healing. Upon the foreign mission field, which is more particularly aimed at by the new society, there is not the least

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doubt that an immense amount of benefit was accomplished in the physical order and that the pioneers of the cross were also pioneers of the hygiene and remedial agencies which are the common inheritance of civilization. René Goupil, one of the noble band of Jesuit martyrs recently beatified, was a young surgeon, a "donné" or lay helper of the order.

SCIENCE, which today recognizes the immense part played by the state of mind and coöperation of the patient in healing, is less inclined than it might have been fifty years ago to smile at the empirical methods of the old missionary physicians. But it is inevitable that, in an age of specialization and research, the activities of the new body should keep step with its discoveries in the medical field. The five laywomen who are its nucleus are all trained specialists—doctors, nurses, dentists and pharmacists, and will not enter their chosen field until a further period of intensive training has been undergone under the direction of their head and founder, Dr. Anna Gengel—a pioneer in medical missionary work in India and the East.

IN his sermon at the opening ceremonies, Father Michael A. Mathis, C.S.C., superior of the Foreign Missionary Seminary, had some touching and significant words to say upon the Divine Master's chosen method of evidencing his power by physical healing. "There is no surer way of reaching the hearts of men," said Father Mathis, "than through the introduction afforded by Christian charity." Familiar as the words sound, they are important as embodying what might be called the Church's perspective when it contemplates human sickness and misery. It is a perspective that seems to be missed by the many sects and communions that have sprung up within the past half century and which make healing the chief article of their cult. Looked at "sub specie aeternatis," all cures are but alleviations, administered to mortal man by his fellow, who is no less under the ineluctable sentence that sets a limit to life—and a limit which science is not making appreciably longer. The final judgment upon the benefits of health must remain the degree of spiritual life which it releases. To make it an end in itself is a plausible theory and one peculiarly akin to positive habits of thought that are the fashion of our generation. But it is not in line with the methods of the Great Healer, who rebuked the materialists of His own day by bidding the paralytic, before healing hands were laid upon him, be of good heart because "his sins were forgiven him."

NO subject is absorbing the attention of social thinkers in Europe more than what is sometimes called "regionalism," as opposed to centralization. It implies an intelligent understanding of their economic interest by dwellers in the country or small civic centres, and its pursuit through self-help and coöperation, and as its result is to distribute well-being rather than concentrate it, it is well worth the attention of the large class who are not averse to being considered the friend of the farmer. An interesting example comes from Galicia, in Spain, where, after many years of fruitless efforts to obtain a government grant for rural slaughter houses, the military directorate has just allotted a sum of 1,000,000 pesetas for the work directed by Don Domingo Bueno, Canon of Tuy for the Catholic Agrarian Syndicates.

THE Galician slaughter houses, like the dairies in Ireland, are coöperative affairs. They are operated by associations of small farmers, and, though built by the Catholic syndicates, exclude no cattle raiser who cares to take advantage of their services. The arguments in favor of the scheme are practical ones. By shipping dressed meat instead of cattle on the hoof, a saving of 15 percent of weight is secured, and, as the aggregate weight of beef shipped from Galicia to Castile and Madrid amounts to 30,000,000 kilograms yearly, the advantage in value, to say nothing of the cost of feed en route, may easily be calculated. The opposition to the scheme comes principally from Madrid or cattle men in other provinces, and its reasons are not hard to understand. What is more important to note is that many local authorities, who had waged a legal warfare against the Catholic syndicate in the past, are convinced that a step to cut the cost of living has been taken, and joined with Canon Bueno in his petition to the government for funds.

THE vote once again for Cyrano de Bergerac as "the greatest play known to them," by seventeen out of a class of forty students at Princeton University, has moved Professor Donald Clive Stuart to term his students members of a "Peter Pan generation." It is a little hard to get the implication. If it means that the young men who have made Rostand's historical fantasy their choice time after time will never be grown up enough to miss the appeal of the heroic, the swish of cloaks, clink of spurs and clash of swords, it is all to the good. Rostand's reputation has fallen upon evil days in France. Few of the later native critics see in his art much beyond the prestidigitations of a skilful conjuror "whose feats excite admiration but refuse to linger in the memory" once the curtain has fallen on them. But Cyrano, at least, to say nothing of the other plays, has one supreme recommendation. It is what the old Greek termed "cathartic." It literally "cleanses" the imagination.

THE love it pictures is sublimated to a degree that naturally appears grotesque to a generation that likes plenty of body color mixed with its paint. Its gallantry is frivolous, vain, yet somehow of the spirit. Its war, in old French phrase, is "war in point-lace." Those who can recall Coquelin ainé in the rôle of its swash-

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buckling hero, have an abiding memory to treasure. Those who have seen Walter Hampden in this country more recently, are hardly less fortunate. The big, crowded pageant evokes a century during the greater part of which a mystic leaven was at work in cabin, cloister, court and camp—among good and bad alike. If its continuing popularity is doing nothing more than directing the attention of Princeton men to a study of the seventeenth century in its more spiritual aspects, its influence for good can hardly be exaggerated.

AN exquisite example of modern relations is indicated in a cable from the Brazils, where a property-owner of Rio Janeiro relieves himself of a devoted tenant only after he has threatened to explode a bomb in his own building, and terror has forced the persistent lodger to vacate the premises. The two-sided nature of these landlord-tenant questions was never illustrated better. In these days when our highways are blocked by the brick-heaps of speculative builders; when bonuses are paid to lease-holders to vacate as well as to occupy the old and new apartment houses; when the private house is in the process of disappearance, and the tenant can call on the courts to protect him from the landlord's—if not the janitor's—aggression; when we can purchase slices of buildings in coöperative structures, after, we hope, carefully considering the owner of the slices above and below us—in these days of socialistic taxation, inheritance tax, income tax and personal tax, a class-conscious person may well feel confused and troubled. To set the pack upon the possessor class is like setting fire to a building, and turning out a volunteer company to save and carry home the furniture of the doomed building.

"WORK is all right before you know better," a recent dictum attributed by the press to Mr. Somerset Maugham, the playwright, will have no difficulty in finding a place in the columns where contemporary wisdom is put on exhibit day by day for our help and guidance. It is fortunate indeed for these great minds for whose benefit as for that of humbler brethren milk must be delivered daily, shoes made, trains and taxis driven, that the great majority of mankind come to the longest vacation of all without much chance to put Mr. Maugham's advice into practical form. For the sake of whatever dignity labor is managing to preserve in our disillusioned day, it is just as fortunate that a considerable number would not if they could. Among them, we rather suspect, would have to be classed a poor old servant, Marie Le Pellec, who has just died at Treguidel, in darkest Brittany, after a life of service totalling seventy-five years with a single family, whose grandfather, father and grandchildren she reared. "Be good to yourself," was no part of Marie's simple creed. She fasted strictly, we are told, during Lent and Advent, "until the appearance of the evening stars"—never missed Mass or Vespers, and never went to bed "without reciting the rosary for her deceased masters." All this for sixty years! When the shoddy slickness and worldliness, the trashy maxims that smartness scribbles on the pedestals of ancient wisdom, disgust us, it is with some relief that one turns to Marie Le Pellec whose aristocracy was so secure that she could condescend to pray for her masters, whose lowliness was so absolute that the stars she watched for at night, today are none too fine to crown her head.

## DEBTS AND DISARRAY

THE sole and simple meaning of the French debt settlement is that there has been no settlement at all. It is inconceivable that official optimism, as reported very decorously from the White House, is more than idle bluff. For what did M. Caillaux consent to do? Simply to ask the government of France to pay interest upon its enormous obligations during the next five years. There was no agreement about the amount finally to be paid, no promise to return even a single dollar of the principal, and no recognition of what may be termed "unwritten" obligations.

Only two things seem clear; M. Caillaux failed to accomplish any of the improvisations for which he had been widely advertised, and the American commission sufficiently demonstrated the passing of sentiment from the conduct of this country's foreign affairs. But whether hardheadedness is going to make us any wealthier seems extremely doubtful. We cannot wholly escape the bitter consequences of that great conflict which went on, merely because we took a share in it, and because we made unparalleled loans on doubtful security. If the French debt never is liquidated, the loss will obviously be very serious and irritating. If it is paid, even on our own terms, a century must go by before the business of international banking can effect enough to relieve us of a very real onus of assessing and mortgaging. We do not presume to say that it would have been wise to accept M. Caillaux's offer. But there are mighty few people who feel altogether sure that it was sagely rejected. It will be interesting to follow the deliberations of the next Congress, quoted so insistently—but without apparent foundation—as resolutely opposed to any generous settlement.

Obviously, however, the European implications of the debt disarray are much more serious. What will be the fate of the French government? M. Caillaux's power depends upon what is thought of him by several groups of Socialists; and his return will be celebrated with a glorious display of tangled and acerb rhetoric. How he will emerge from the struggle, no one can say. But the Socialist might is itself only a tentative thing. Since the close of the war, France has sought continuously for a strong central figure round which to rally. Clemenceau was followed by Poincaré, by Herriot, by Caillaux—not necessarily a climactic order.

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Who will the next man be? Le roi Philippe? The very idea is scoffed at in this country, but the event certainly seems nearer than it has ever been since McMahon's presidency in 1875.

L'Action Française, the organization that makes for royalty, has doubled its membership during the last year; its centres of propaganda have been greatly strengthened; and its ideas and ideals have found their way into the general press to an extent unparalleled before. The reason is not that many Frenchmen have suddenly recovered a fondness for courts and regal pomp, but that the resolutely national program of l'Action Française does sponsor unity of effort, drastic financial reform, and permanence of the official stand on matters of general diplomatic concern. Another reason may be found in the fact that all other countries in Europe have moved toward the Right: and even Primo de Rivera has proved that strong government is sometimes profitable. No, the return of the French king is not altogether impossible. And it would certainly be an ironical circumstance if the debt policy of the United States should aid in reëstablishing a monarchy, the seed of whose destruction was carried back from America by Lafayette and his comrades.

## THE AGE OF THE EARTH

HOW long is it since the globe on which we exist can fairly have been spoken of as the earth? The question is one which has been often debated, and to which most diverse answers have been given. It was once more raised by Professor Parkes, of Toronto, in his presidential address to the section of geology at the recent meeting of the British Association.

Some years ago Professor Joly, of Dublin, endeavored to answer the question from the consideration of the saltness of the sea. Whether one holds the "planetesimal" theory of Chamberlin or the "great star" theory of Jeans, it is pretty safe to believe that there was a time when the earth was far too hot to allow of water resting upon it, to say nothing of life existing on its surface. Suppose we take the period when the earth had so far cooled down that it was possible for the waters, pent up in the dense clouds of moisture which we may suppose surrounded it, to condense and form the first collections of water on its surface. Ex hypothesi, this water would be, if not exactly like distilled water, free from mineral constituents. Now the sea is of course full of these. Thirty-two of the ninety-two "elements" are to be found dissolved in it. There is one grain per ton of gold and of silver, an aggregate, so it is said, amounting to 50,000 times as much as has been quarried from all mines since America was discovered, down to 1906. But common salt is the chief ingredient. Here again it has been calculated that if all the salt were extracted and laid upon the surface of the existing dry land, it would cover that entire area to a depth of 400 feet. Again ex hypothesi, all that salt has got into the waters of the sea since the earth became capable of carrying water: where did it come from? There is only one answer—from river denudation. Basing his calculations on what we know of this, Professor Joly came to the conclusion that 100,000,000 years might be set down as the age of the ocean. Of course there have been many other estimates. Up to the discovery of radium, the mathematical calculations of Lord Kelvin and Professor Tait and other great physicists of the Victorian period seemed to hold the field, and they refused to allow more than 40,000,000 years. That did not at all satisfy contemporary geologists. Lyell declared that organic differentiation, as he viewed it, could not have been carried out in less than 240,000,000 years; while Darwin declared that 200,000,000 was all too short. Barrell calculated that not less than 250,000,000 years must have elapsed since the commencement of the palaeozoic period; that is, since life had come into being, and without making allowance for the pre-Cambrian rocks which underlie those of the period just mentioned. The discovery of radium and radio-activity came as a disturbing factor to many apparently settled beliefs. A fresh series of calculations became necessary, until now we are told by those who have made studies of radio-active minerals, that the figure of the earth's existence must be raised to 1,710,000,000 years—certainly "an extraordinary volte-face," as Professor Parkes puts it, on the part of the physicists.

Underlying all this, is a very profound moral. The facts, as Professor Parkes puts it, "emphasize the danger incurred by 'the dictatorial hierarchy of exact scientists' in raising a mathematical structure on an insecure foundation." It is easy for a competent mathematician to work out conclusions from any given group of data, and no one doubts that his calculation will be correct. But what about the data? How is he or any other man to know that he has all the data or even that those he has are all correct? The denudation rate for example is a very tricky thing to calculate from. Not many years ago it was taught that 7,000 years or so had intervened since Niagara Falls were at Lewiston; i.e., since the end of the last glacial period. Today we are told that it must have been at least 20,000, and that some of the data had been inaccurately calculated. Of course these figures are all guesses, and so long as they are known to be that, no harm is done, since of course they are highly intelligent guesses made by men whose guesses are worth every consideration. They are just like the varying estimates of the date when man first made his appearance on this earth and differ just as widely.

The real danger of mistake enters when persons, who do not understand that these figures are guesses and at best very approximate determinations, start to philosophize from them. It cannot too often be emphasized that this is an eminently unsafe proceeding.

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# RELIGION AND EDUCATION

By G. K. CHESTERTON

IT IS only by a definite and even deliberate narrowing of the mind that we can keep religion out of education. I do not deny that it may, in certain cases, be the least of many evils; that it may be a sort of loyalty to a political compromise; that it is certainly better than a political injustice. But secular education is a limitation, if it be only a self-limitation. The natural thing is to say what you think about nature; and especially, so to speak, about the nature of nature. The first and most obvious thing that a person is interested in is what sort of world he is living in, and why he is living in it. If you do not know, of course, you will not be able to say; but the mere fact of not being able to answer the question that the other person is most likely to ask, may or may not be what some people call education—but it is not a very brilliant exhibition of instruction. If you have convictions upon these cosmic and fundamental things, whether negative or positive, you are an instructor who is on one most important point refusing to instruct. Your motive may be generous, or it may be merely timid; but certainly it is not in itself educational.

It is sometimes said that the devotees of a doctrinal religion, who are so often depicted as donkeys, are in matters of this kind wearing blinkers. The word is not wisely chosen by the critic, and in one sense is much more applicable to the critic himself. The man who teaches authoritative answers to ultimate questions, even if he only says that Mumbo Jumbo made the world out of a pumpkin, may be dogmatizing or persecuting or tyrannically laying down the law about everything, but he is not blinking anything. He is not wearing blinkers, which implies deliberately limiting the field of his own vision. His vision may be in our view an illusion; but if it is very vivid to him we cannot blame him for describing it; and, anyhow, he is describing the whole of it. If there is such a thing in the world as a donkey deliberately wearing blinkers, it is the enlightened educationist, who is always making a nervous effort to keep out of his task of imparting knowledge any reference to the things that men from the beginning of the world have most wanted to know. Nor are those things mere hole-and-corner objects of a special curiosity. Whether or no they can ever be known, they are not only worth knowing, but they are the simplest and most elementary sort of knowledge. It is a good thing that children should fully realize that there is an objective world outside them, as solid as the lamp-post out in the street. But even when we make the lamp-post quite objective, it is not unnatural to ask what is its object. A naturalist, noting the common objects of the street, may observe many facts and put them down in a note-book. A bicyclist may bump into a lamp-post; a tramp may lean against a lamp-post; a drunkard may embrace a lamp-post or, even in a lighter moment, try to climb a lamp-post. But it is not a strange or specialist sort of knowledge to note about a lamp-post that it has a lamp.

Now secular education really means that everybody shall make a point of looking down at the pavement, lest by some fatal chance somebody should look up at the lamp. The lamp of faith that did in fact illuminate the street for the mass of mankind in most ages of history, was not only a wandering fire seen floating in the air by visionaries—it was also for most people the explanation of the post. If a low cloud like a London fog must indeed cover that flame, then it is an objective fact that the object will remain chiefly as an object to be bumped into. I am not blaming anybody who can only manage to regard the world in that highly objective light. Even if the lamp-post appears as a post without a lamp, and therefore a post without a purpose, it may be possible to take different views of it. The stoic, like the tramp, may lean on it; the optimist, like the drunkard, may embrace it; the progressive may attempt to climb it, and so on. So it is with those who merely bump into a headless world as into a lampless post; to whom the world is a large objective obstacle. I only say that there is a difference, and not a small or secondary difference, between those who know and those who do not know what the post is for.

The deepest of all desires for knowledge is the desire to know what the world is for and what we are for. Those who believe they can answer that question must at least be allowed to answer it as the first question and not as the last. A man who cannot answer it has a right to refuse to answer it, though perhaps he is rather too prone to comfort himself with the very dogmatic dogma that nobody else can answer it if he can't. But no man has a right to answer it or even to arrange for it being answered, as if it were a sort of peculiar and pedantic additional question, which only a peculiar and pedantic sort of pupil would be likely to ask. Secular education is more sensible than making religion one of the extras, like learning fretwork or Portuguese. And this principle is important in the controversy about religious education, because it involves the whole question which was so prominent in the controversy, the question of what is called "atmosphere." All that it means is that anybody who has a right to answer this question has a right to answer it as if it were the sort of question that it is —a question affecting the nature of the whole world and the purpose of every part of human life.

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A man has a right to teach religion if he has a right to teach anything; the only really intelligent doubt would be whether he ought to direct the minds of other and helpless people at all. If he is to teach religion, it is absurd to ask him to teach it as if it were something else that did not apply to all the activities of man. The expression "a religious hour" is something very like a contradiction in terms. And it is amusing to note that the same casual sceptic who is always sneering at the orthodox for their forms and limitations, who is always talking of their Sunday religion and their separation of things sacred and profane, is generally the very man who is most ready to make fun of the idea of a religious atmosphere in the schools. That is to say, he of all people objects most to sacred and profane things being united and to a religion that works on week-days as well as on Sundays. The truth is that the idea of atmosphere is simply a piece of the elementary psychology of children. In any other matters these people would be the first to tell us that education must take note of all the influences forming the mind, however apparently light or accidental. They will go wild with dismay if the child has to look at the wrong wall-paper; they will set themselves seriously to see that he has the right picture of the wombat; but they tell us not to trouble whether he has the right picture of the world.

I am not implying, of course, that there is no value in a secular social enthusiasm, or even that, in the language that some use sincerely and even usefully, it may not deserve to be called religion. What I doubt is whether it can in this sense deserve to be called reason. It does not satisfy the primary intellectual hunger about the meaning of life that certain people may mean well even when they doubt whether it means anything. The truth is that there is implied in almost all idealism a number of ideas which the idealists have seldom really followed out as ideas. There is the notion of a test without any notion of where it is tested; of a choice that is mysteriously offered and followed by equally mysterious consequences; of a mystical value attached to one part of our nature without any authority to value it; of a sort of ultimate tryst with nobody in particular; in short, all the rich tints of a London fog surrounding a lamp-post without a lamp. I am very far from lacking in respect for all this groping idealism; I only say that by its own confession it is very incomplete compared with that of anybody who has a complete philosophy, because he has a creed. And I mean no offense when I say that anybody who has this sort of education is literally a half-educated person.

But there is another aspect of the case, which illustrates the real truth in the rather rustic puritanism of the people who recently made a fuss about Darwinism in Dayton. To some of us it seems strange that such very antiquated Protestantism should be supposed to represent religion. It seems stranger that such very antiquated Darwinism should be supposed to represent science. But as a matter of fact the protest and prosecution on that occasion did represent something. It stood for a strong popular instinct, not without justification, that science is being made to mean more than science ever really says. An evolutionary education is something very different from an education about evolution. Just as a religious school openly and avowedly gives a religious atmosphere, so a scientific class does sometimes covertly or unconsciously give a materialistic atmosphere. A secularist teacher has just as much difficulty as a priest would have in not giving his own answer to the questions that are most worth answering. He also is a little annoyed at not being allowed to put the first things first. He tends more and more to turn his science into a philosophy. It makes the matter too disputable and provocative, perhaps, to call that philosophy materialistic. It is more polite and equally pointed to call it monistic. But the point is that this philosophy has in it something altogether alien, not only to all religions that refer back to the will of God, but even to all moralities that revolve upon the will of man. Rightly or wrongly, its image of the universe is not that of a post put up with the design of having a lamp on it—it is rather that of a post that grew like a tree; a lamp-post that eventually grew its own lamp. Now considering this vision of vague growth simply as an atmosphere and an impression on the minds of the young (apart from its truth or falsehood) there is no doubt that it tends, so far as it goes, to the notion of most things being much of a muchness, being all equally inevitable fruits of the same tree, and certainly not towards the idea of moral choice and conflict; of a contrast between black and white, or a battle between light and darkness. I am not writing controversially or trying to pin anybody with this as an individual necessity. I am writing educationally and considering the probable psychological impression of certain atmospheres and fine shades. I say that a great deal of evolution in education would not make that education very insistent on the ideas of free-will and fighting morality, of dramatic choice and challenge. Why should one fruit challenge another fruit on the same tree; or how can there be a black and white choice between its slow gradations of green? So that even if we ignore the primary question of religion in the sense of the purpose of creation, there is the same sort of problem about religion even if we use it in the sense of the purpose of doing good. If a man believes that there is between vice and virtue a chasm like that of life and death, he will want to say so. And if other people only say that everything is a growth of evolution, he will not admit that they have said what he wishes to say. It is not merely a question of secular education that seems indifferent to religion, but of scientific education that seems rather indifferent to ethics. I am talking about educational effects, as

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educationalists do, and decline any sort of sentimental recrimination about the pure and noble aims of men of science. Many who would despise anything so classical as the teaching of rhetoric are always ready with any amount of rhetoric in praise of the teaching of science. I am not attacking the teaching of science, still less the teachers of science; I am saying the teaching of evolution, if it becomes an atmosphere, cannot be an atmosphere favorable to moral fire or a fighting spirit. To put it shortly, the teaching of evolution is hardly the training for revolution. It is hardly likely to give a special strength to the feeling that some things are intrinsically intolerable or other things imperatively just. When a reformer can only say to a slave-driver—"You are evolving too slow; you ought to have emerged from the slave-state," the slave-driver has only to answer—"You are evolving too fast; you ought to wait for the twenty-first century." Such an argument will hardly set in a flame the fanaticism of Harper's Ferry.

It would seem to me, therefore, that the poor puritans of Tennessee are not altogether wrong, as a matter of educational psychology, if they say that evolutionary education, even if it is not an attack on Christian doctrine, may become an atmosphere very alien to Christian morals; or, indeed, any manly and combative sort of morals. After the doctrine that existence is a thing of design, the next most interesting doctrine is that life is a thing of choice; and even if men were all taught to be atheists, I doubt whether mere evolutionism would have taught them to be really spirited and warlike atheists. And to see atheists lose their one great virtue of ferocity would, indeed, be a serious loss to religion.

# POLAND RESUMES HER PLACE

By LADISLAS WROBLEWSKI

*(This is the first of two articles on Poland by Mr. Wroblewski, the second of which will be published in an early issue. —The Editors.)*

BEFORE writing of Poland as it is today, it is well to recall a few of the outstanding facts in its thousand-year history. It was about the year 830 that the first ruler of the House of Piast made Gniesno, a city in the plains of what is now western Poland, the seat of the government. The word Gniesno means "nest;" and it is said the city was given this name because an eagle's nest was found on its site. Later the eagle was chosen to be the national crest. One hundred and thirty years after the choice of Gniesno as the capital, the country became Christian. The deep imprint that Christianity has made on the whole life of the nation is reflected in the custom, kept through centuries, and still prevailing among the peasantry, of using the words "Christ be praised," as a greeting—to which the reply is "forever and ever."

As early as the eleventh century, the rôle of "bulwark"—a term recently used so much when speaking of Poland—was first employed in reference to that country; out of necessity, and by virtue of its geographical position. For 600 years, Poland had to resist pressure from the east and from the west; the pressure of the Tartars, and later the Turks, and Russians from the east; and that of the Germans from the west. There were victories and defeats. In accord with the eternal laws by which mankind and nations are governed, even defeats serve to strengthen a country if the nation's organism is healthy and capable of powerful reactions. Defeats may even lead a nation to victory.

So it was with Poland down to the middle of the seventeenth century. The initial conquests in Poland of the Tartars, of the Teutonic knights and the Turks, were redeemed in a series of great battles, some of which, like Grunwald, Kirchholm, Kluszyn and Chocini, have won European fame. From the end of the fifteenth century, for more than one hundred and fifty years, Poland was a leading power in Central Europe, with a territory twice as large as today, and with four vassals holding lands by feudal tenure from Poland as sovereign power. These vassals were the Dukes of Prussia, of Courland, of Valachia, and of Bessarabia.

I do not think that there could be found a better historical portrayal of the intrinsic forces of Poland at the end of this brilliant period of its history, than that given by Sienkiewicz in The Deluge, the second novel of his famous trilogy. Poland was flooded by Swedes, Russians, Cossacks, Prussians (the Prussian vassal had joined the victorious Swedish King Charles) and Transylvanians. Yet after fifteen years of fighting, she emerged triumphant over all her enemies.

But the decline was at hand. The organism of the great kingdom began to lose its strength and show signs of a grave malady. The diagnosis of this disease has since been established beyond doubt. It was the worship of individualism which led in the political field to the "liberum veto"—an institution by which a single individual could bring the entire machinery of state to a standstill. The dissent of a single member was sufficient to cause the rejection of any measure in the parliament.

In 1652 the first application of this rule of the liberum veto, was made in the Polish Diet. Thus the political utopia of perfect and absolute freedom of the individual within the state, regardless of the needs of the community, had materialized, and, like

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most imaginary perfections, when applied in practice, it brought about a catastrophe.

The rescue of Vienna by King Sobieski in 1683 was the last flash of Poland's vanishing greatness. The incapacity of the later rulers had aggravated the internal difficulties arising from the wrong political ideas of the leaders. And when, after 100 years, the sound constructive national forces got the upper hand, they had not sufficient time to carry out their program of cure. The freedom of all was doomed because of a morbid overgrowth of individual liberty.

The final effort, supported by all that was best in Poland, and which culminated in the adoption, on May 3, 1791, of the modern constitution, saved the nation and secured the continuity of the process of convalescence, begun immediately after the blow of the first partition. If proof be needed of the infallibility of the dictum that a nation's soul, like a man's soul, is immortal—that material force never can prevail against moral power—such proof has been furnished by 120 years of Poland's life while in physical fetters. During that time, three empires—the Russian, the German, and the Austrian—representing 250,000,000 inhabitants and maintaining two-thirds of all the armies of the world, endeavored to kill in a more or less clever way, Poland's national conscience. What was the answer of the soul of Poland? During 120 years, not one moment of resignation. The inevitability of regeneration was an article of faith for every Pole.

Within seventy years there were three insurrections —all of them drowned in blood. Even now a very high percent of the intelligentsia in Siberia consists of the children of lifelong Polish exiles, who had been sent there after the suppression of these revolutions to fill the dungeons or to work in the mines. Another attempt to regain independence failed in the great tragedy of Napoleon, whose spell had led 40,000 Polish soldiers to fight from Saragossa to Moscow, in the hope that their wanderings would result in the liberation of their country. All these failures, all these tragedies, all these sufferings, served only to stimulate the national determination to regain independence.

Polish literature ranked among the first in Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But it attained its highest level during this century of struggle to save the unity of national life, when the native tongue was naturally the strongest bond of union. The great Italian Cavour said—"The four leading poets of the world are Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Mickiewicz." The entire work of another great Polish writer, Sienkiewicz, is inspired with the purpose of keeping alive the self-consciousness of the nation by feeding the imagination of millions of readers with pictures of the glory of their forefathers. There are two outstanding instances of this remarkable connection between literature and the national life of Poland. Mickiewicz, while occupying the chair of Slavic literatures at the Sorbonne in Paris, published, about 1830, a philosophical book entitled Books of Polish Pilgrimages. In this book he prophesies within the next hundred years the rebirth of Poland coming out of a world conflagration, not a possibility or probability, but as an unshakable axiom. About twenty years before the war, one of our greatest modern poets, Wyspiokski, wrote a drama entitled The Wedding, in which is predicted, with an inspired clearness and force, the rising of this most numerous class of Polish people from their almost passive rôle to a self-conscious patriotism, often coupled with an uncommonly wise statesmanship.

The day of August 6, 1914, came. No historian will ever be able to picture the storm of intensely dramatic feeling aroused among men in various parts of the globe by the beginning of a new chapter in the world's story. But wherever the Polish language was spoken, the world war was received with the words "at last"—words which meant relief, hope, faith. And yet this war brought 600,000 Poles enrolled in the German and Austrian armies into bloody conflict with 500,000 Poles in the Russian army. No horror of Greek tragedy could surpass such a merciless fate. But there was no mourning in Poland on this account. Everybody felt, everybody believed, everybody knew that those who would come back safe from the war would live to see their country free. So the final act, the most elaborately cruel act of the long drama, the killing of brothers serving one oppressor by brothers serving another oppressor, develops into a triumphal prologue, into the wakening of the nation from its temporary death. I dwell upon this element of the faith in the inevitability of the regeneration because I see in it a decisive argument for the immortality of a nation's soul.

And it must be admitted that if the power of this faith bordered on the miraculous, then equally miraculous were the events which freed Poland and justified that faith. Can anyone fail to see the marvel of these happenings? Russia, the colossus of the East, tumbled down fighting against Germany; the German steamroller was crushed in the West. The three political powers which had strangled, or which believed they had strangled, the freedom of Poland, fell down while fighting on opposite sides, regardless of their affiliations with the ultimate victors or the vanquished.

Finally, on January 8, 1918, the President of the United States, laying down a definite peace platform, announced in Washington, 6,000 miles from Poland, the independence of Poland as one of America's chief war aims. Up to that day, there were, besides Poles, few believers in a free Poland emerging out of the war. After Woodrow Wilson had spoken, New Poland became an unescapable reality for the whole world.

Let us think of the conditions existing when Poland regained her freedom. Let us imagine for a moment a very improbable thing. We will suppose that the world's conscience had wakened before August, 1914, and that under its pressure, Germany had renounced

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Alsace-Lorraine and, at the same time together with Austria and Russia, returned Poland her freedom. Obviously, the resurrection of Poland even then, even in an atmosphere of perfect peace, would have placed upon the shoulders of that nation tremendous administrative and social problems. For 130 years the country was parceled out and compelled to live under three different legal, political, and social systems. In the so-called Kingdom of Poland—the disfigured and afterwards cruelly maimed creation of the Congress of Vienna in 1815—we had the Code of Napoleon and the authority of the police, by which nearly all of the activities of government were conducted. There was not a shadow of local government except the helpless village commune—the head of which had to bow to the local corrupt Russian petty official, and to draw his conception of law from the latter's instructions, which were invariably dictated with the aim of demoralizing and of suppressing everything Polish.

In Poznania and Pomerania the Poles were, as in Russia, deprived of all political rights except that of suffrage. They were compelled to teach their children the Polish tongue secretly. Driven from their homesteads and expropriated by the Prussian commission for colonization, the Poles were unable, as in Russia, to train their people for participation in the public life of the country. The administration of state and local government in town and country was organized so as to exclude any possibility of Polish influence prevailing.

In Galicia, that is, former Austrian Poland, owing to the inherent political difficulties of Austria, the measure of political freedom was comparatively broad, but nevertheless there was also a constant endeavor on the part of the Vienna government to poison the political life of the country by fomenting racial differences between the two kindred races, Polish and Ukrainian, which live there in common and which are on this mixed territory interwoven to such an extent, and amongst whom intermarriage is such an everyday event, that only ignorance or mischief could attempt to draw a border line of division. Besides this tendency, there was the systematic activity of Austrian rulers aiming at crippling the development of industries, of suppressing all Polish industrial initiative so as to secure an easy market for the industries of the western provinces of Austria.

What a gigantic task under such circumstances to remodel the complicated machinery of a national body so long disjointed, and to raise the whole up to the modern standard of collective life! What a gigantic task to reach the height of enlightenment attained by a free world in the meantime—that is, four generations—to overtake the civilization which had in this long period blossomed forth in freedom, to attain the standard of modern laws, protecting citizens both morally and materially.

Each month lost in such a process of revival must be resented by a renascent nation as a wrong to itself and a humiliation before others. Now it must be remembered, that these problems fell upon Poland not amidst the blessings of peace, but from the thundering clouds of war.

With the moment, long dreamed of, of restored independence there came not only the necessity of reaching the civilization attained by free men, and so long barred for Poland but also the necessity of reconstructing ruins, and defending the country and the whole of Europe against twofold diseases, which at that time menaced all that had been left of moral and physical wealth in the old world after the war.

# THE CARMELITES' RETURN

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

I HAVE before me a telegram from the prioress of a monastery of the Discalced (Barefoot) nuns of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, in Santa Clara, California. It tells me that a new monastery dedicated to Saint Thérèse, of Lisieux, is to be established at Carmel-by-the-Sea, in Monterey County, California—which was given its name by the Carmelite friars who landed there as chaplains of Vizcaino's expedition in 1602, more than three centuries ago.

It was a Carmelite friar who recorded the events of that great voyage out of Mexico into the northern seas. For 170 years after the Spaniards touched at Monterey, saying Mass under an oak tree on the shore, California lay unvisited by white men. Then came Captain Portola, in 1770-1, and with him Junipero Serra, of the Franciscans. Under the same oak tree where the Carmelites said Mass in 1602, the Franciscans said Mass; and Portola, sword in hand, reclaimed the country for the king of Spain. Later Friar Serra built the mission of Carmelo, dedicated to San Carlos de Borromeo. It was his favorite among all the missions. There he delighted to dwell in those brief periods when he was not tramping, lame leg and all, to Mexico City or to one or another of the many missions planted by him and his fellow friars, from San Diego in the south, to San Francisco in the north—700 miles apart—so that today, as Charles Warren Stoddard said, the very railroad time-table of California reads like a Litany of the Saints. And there Serra died when his time came. His body is buried in the sanctuary of the old mission church. The church itself and all the other adobe or stone buildings fell into owl-haunted, desecrated ruins when the iniquitous Mexican government of the 1830 revolution destroyed the mission

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system, drove out the Franciscans, and robbed the Indians, whom the friars had protected and cherished for so long, of their lands, and herds, and flocks—and of their lives, at last. But the mission church rose again. Serra reëmerged out of total forgetfulness into remembrance, reverence, and honor. And now the Carmelites return to the Carmel discovered by Friar Juan de Ascuncion 300 years ago.

In doing so, they return to their own. Vizcaino's expedition, which led to the discovery of Monterey and the naming of Carmel, a few miles south of that tremendous and noble bay, was sealed with the stamp of Carmel. It was placed under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, under her title of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Her statue was on an altar on the deck of one of the vessels. Her name was bestowed upon the place that now bears it as a pious homage to the Protectress of the adventure. But there is another explanation, given me by Mirza Ali Kuli Khan, sometime Persian minister to the United States, who was living in Carmel-by-the-Sea when I also lived there some years ago. Mirza Khan was a Bahist. He had been secretary to Abdul Baha, the head of that mystical religion of Persia so bitterly persecuted by the Mohammedans during the latter's exile on Mount Carmel in Palestine—the sacred hill where the hermits of ancient Israel dwelt, from whom the Carmelite order of Catholic mystics traditionally traces its spiritual lineage. Mirza Khan told me that there was a close resemblance between the topography of Carmel in Palestine and Carmel in California. Both places had their central hill, similar bays, and two rivers emptying into the sea in almost identical positions.

These facts suggested the probability that the Carmelite friars of Vizcaino's expedition were familiar with the Carmel in Palestine, where for centuries there has been a monastery of their order, and that they gave the California Carmel its name because of its striking similarity to the holy hill of the East. I, for one, would gladly believe that this was the fact.

What vistas of adventure, what memories of high romance, what great pages of history are re-opened by this telegram from the Carmelite prioress! The story it evokes did not begin in 1602, with the coming of Vizcaino out of Mexico. Back of that lies the glorious ambience of the whole marvelous history of Spain in America—starred with the names of Columbus, Magellan, Cortez, Pizarro, Balboa, Ponce de Leon, Las Casas and many more. But back even of all that, lies the story of the spiritual Carmel. By tradition, if not by documented record, the Carmelites are the oldest of all the orders of the Catholic Church; for it is from the Jewish hermits of the Old Testament, who lived and prayed on Mount Carmel in Palestine, that the Carmelite order derives not merely its name but its practice of solitude, silence, prayer, and mystical self-immolation. And, thus linking with the spiritual life of ancient Israel, the Carmelites invoke and witness to the age-old effort of humanity to search after and to hold communion, and to unite itself, with the Divine. Carmel is a name which, when studied and contemplated, yields up the entire range of mankind's supreme interest—its real business, which is religion.

In Carmel, when I knew it, there was a group of writers and painters, musicians and dramatists, seeking to work out their artistic destinies away from the commercialism and the crushing crowds of the cities. I joined them, and in a little hut amid pine trees, I, too, sought to express myself and to give form and substance to those dream-shapes which, as Rossetti somewhere says, come eddying forth when a man shuts himself in with his soul. Across a canyon that ran a few yards away from my hut was the cottage of George Sterling, the poet. Mary Austin, in a house near the sea, brooded over her memories of the deserts of the southwest country. James Hopper, novelist and short-story writer, not far away struggled with the stubborn problems of his style. Jack London appeared from time to time—visiting his friend Sterling—a figure vibrant with virility, magnetic with personal charm. Harry Leon Wilson was writing his splendid novels. Charles Warren Stoddard dreamed his last dreams in Monterey, a few miles over the hills. Pens, pencils, typewriters, paint brushes, were being employed more or less busily, with results of varying merit, in a score of other cottages. An open-air theatre gave the dramatists and player folk an opportunity to experiment. In a word, on the slopes of this Mount Carmel of the western world, art and beauty were served where of old the Franciscan friars had devoted their lives to the quest of God, and where the Carmelites had found, in the depths of the unknown, at the farthest end of the earth, the replica of their spiritual home—the hill of the hermits, the mount of vision, the fountain of the mystical life, Carmel.

It is not for me to attempt to look within the souls of the writers and artists of Carmel. It would be a futile task, even were I dowered with profound insight and with a corresponding ability of expression. "My secret to myself," is a motto of universal application. Every soul is a mystery to all others. Only God can share the inner knowledge and life of each individual among his children. But I think I may say that the searchers after beauty, in that colony of artists, were also searchers after truth. The artists of today—the dreamers, the seekers, the creators—even those many among them who seem utterly to fail in all their endeavors—have at least this in common—that they are not content with the mammon-worship of our distracted age—they do not bow down and worship the idols of mechanism, commercialism, profiteering, quantity-production, mob-rule, vulgarity, mediocrity, which are set up in the market places of nearly all the world. Even their Greenwich Villages, and their eccentricities, and their down-right tom-fooleries, have in them something at least of the spirit of a most necessary and

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healthy rebellion against the crushing, dreary, drab, deadening spirit of materialism which has spread its flabby pestilence throughout so vast a part of humanity. The artists believe, with Villiers de l'Isle Adam, that if what they see generally accepted as normal human life today indeed be life, then they will leave it to servants and dullards; they themselves will refuse to live such a life, and will seek the good life anywhere else but along such muddy, stupid, monstrous paths. Hence they so often become not merely rebels against society, but also against those very fundamental laws of society, the perversion or ignoring of which has brought the world to its wretched plight.

You may say, at this point—"But how ridiculous it is for these writers and painters, dramatists, journalists, and agitators, to take themselves, and the problems of society, so seriously. They cannot—for they do not—solve these problems. They are mere disturbers, dangerous when they are not absurd, because of the evil effect of their doctrines and their actions upon others." This criticism is not without justice, but it should be remembered that there is, at the bottom of the wild and at times almost senseless revolt of the artists and the social agitators of today, something splendidly and permanently true, and in a most real sense Christian and Catholic—because it is the principle of human brotherhood, the sentiment of human solidarity, of personal responsibility for others. They do not, at all events, share the heresy of Cain and refuse to be their brothers' keepers. They suffer because others suffer, and they are sharers and bearers of the pain and the sorrow of the world. In this they are more Christian than far too many who profess Christianity. Christians who shut themselves up within the closed circle of their faith, their hope, and their charity, ignoring the world without, seeking only their personal safety and comfort, and stubbornly and ignorantly resenting without understanding the efforts of social reformers and artists to bring about more tolerable conditions of life for the poor and the toilers of the world, have surely lost something vital and most necessary of what Jesus Christ came among men to teach. Such lame, halt, and half-blind Christians are responsible in a large measure for the reproaches leveled against the Church, and for the terrible modern defection from the Faith, and the dismemberment of Christendom, which has been, and still remains, the supreme disaster of humanity. It is wrong wholly to condemn even the most extreme and palpably wrong-headed artists and social revolutionaries. What is required, is to give their revolt a solid foundation, and to lead it aright. And that solid foundation is true Christianity—the safe leadership can only be the Catholic Church.

Strongly, however, as I believe that true religion has of its very nature, a great social meaning, an application to all the problems and the tasks of mortal men living in a mortal world, I still more strongly believe that the supernatural meaning and mission of religion is superior to its natural work, and that if this fact be forgotten or ignored, religion's social, natural value will be lost, and nothing finally good can come of it. It is not pessimism, not contempt or despair of this world and its life to declare, as Catholic Christianity declares and must ever declare, that it is a passing world, and we but passers through it. On the contrary, it is optimism of the truest kind—it is love of real life, it is the truth that the Church thus proclaims, and teaches, and exemplifies through its saints. The highest ideal of social reformers and prophets who refuse the supernatural ideal of Catholic Christianity, is but the hoped for (yet impossible) achievement, in an ever-recedent future, of a world-state from which all curable sickness, and poverty, and war, and other temporal ills, have been eliminated—all for the benefit of unborn generations, who themselves must in turn vanish through the jaws of the ineluctable grave, leaving the world to their children, and so on, not in saecula saeculorum, but until the cooling of the sun closes the drama in a shroud of ice—or a collision with some other atom of matter wandering in space ends humanity and its dream of an earthly paradise in a winding sheet of flame. With all due respect to the dreamers of such a dream, a Catholic can but only think it very mediocre; not nearly good enough, not a desirable dream, still less a veridic vision of real life—and one taking no account of the stake in this world held by the myriads of souls living and dying in it before the hypothetical arrival of the theoretical paradise.

In Carmel, in their little monastery near the old mission of Father Serra, these nuns who have returned to their own place will give, I dare to believe, an inspiration, a soul, a meaning to the work of the artists and writers and thinkers and dreamers of that delectable mountain of art such as it has lacked, even as the centres of art and thought elsewhere throughout the world have also lacked its beneficent influence. Their return is but one of the many signs of the rebirth and strong, growing life of the Catholic faith. Mount Carmel, by the western sea, will be the true Carmel now that the real Carmelites have returned; and their return is a symbol of the great return of the Catholic faith to the world which fell away from it not long before the friars landed on that lonely spot.

Such is the consolation of the Faith! Where it once has been planted, its seeds never altogether die. Its followers and its works may be destroyed by fire and sword. Its very memory may locally perish. But time cannot conquer eternal things. A day comes when again there appears the working out in human terms of the Spirit—wherever the Spirit has once been made manifest. The sacraments return. The Cross is seen once more. The Mass comes back. The Faith is that fire which Christ came to cast upon the earth, and none can quench it.

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# THE PHILIPPINE CHURCH

By M. DE GRACIA CONCEPCIÓN

LITTLE has been written about the pre-Spanish conditions of the group of islands called the Philippines. There has existed only a vague, uncertain knowledge on the part of the world at large, as to the nature and extent of their culture and civilization. Spasmodic writers and travelers there have been, like Antonio Morga, who accompanied the first Spanish colonial expedition under Legazpi from Mexico, and wrote the first Spanish account of what he saw. There was the eminent German geographer, Jagat, and following him was the Austrian professor, Ferdinand Bluementritt, who was undoubtedly the dean of European authorities on the Philippines. Coming down to our times, among the Americans we could name Austin Craig, lately professor of history at the University of the Philippines, and Otto Beyer, another keenly interested American, connected also with the same university. Among the Filipino scholars, authorities like T. H. Pardo de Tavera, Ignacio Villamor, Associate Justice Romualdez of the Philippine Supreme Court, and Epifanio de los Santos would be helpful in bringing us nearer to unbiased conclusions as to what must have been our dim, dark past.

It appears that the people who inhabited these regions had, in the beginning, a faint concept of religion. They ascribed, in their need for a deity or a supreme power, spiritual virtues to the bubbling brooks, to the trees, to the storm that raged over their tropical lands, to the fire of their flint, to the beautiful spread of colors in the sunrises and sunsets. They supplicated these differing entities of the elements for alleviation of sufferings and diseases, favors of bountiful crops and blessings in marriage. They believed in the immortality of their ancestors' spirits and rightly extolled them, and attributed to them the appeasing powers of gods.

The expansion of the great Hindu empire, which reached its zenith between 500 and 250 B.C., embraced the whole southern portion of what is now the Philippines, thus establishing a point of direct contact with the Aryan culture of those ages. Then, later on, ensued the disturbed state of world affairs, due to the renegade stampede of that great Mongol warrior, Kublai Khan, inspiring in the main the spread of the Moslem doctrine of the Koran. Southern Spain felt the shock of the Moors' encampment, so did a great part of India as far as what is now known as the island of Mindanao. Genghis Khan, the grandson of Kublai Khan, having settled down in China, found time to send letters and ambassadors to the kings of Luzon, demanding tribute and acknowledgment of his sovereignity over the whole of the land.

The tributary effects of these political contacts with great countries were many. They brought to us their system of thought and writing, their sciences and their traditional literature. The Filipino was highly imaginative; his mind was as colorful as the tropical glories of the land he inhabited—it was rich—and it is still—in the imagery and poetry of its languages. Who knows but that our ancestral minds were steeped in the "Shah Nameh" of Persia, or in the "Upanishad" of India; and who knows but that their ethical learning and practice has not been tainted by those of Laotzo and Confucious of China? Their mathematical calculations of the stars in their calendar and navigation corresponded to those of the Phoenicians; and today, while European and American scientific minds are working out a calendar that contains thirteen months in the year, Professor Otto Beyer has announced the discovery of just such a calendar, used by a pagan tribe in the Philippines, yet untouched by European influences. All these Oriental contributions to the thought of men, were happily blended together in the making of the Filipino mind and belief before the coming Europeans.

The coming of Christ, through the zealous labors of the first padres, was an ineffable dawn to us—a new, enriching experience, an inevitable opening of our senses to the world of highest aspirations. From the Visayan group (it was written "Vishaya" in the Hindu) up to the Ilocos regions in northern Luzon, the gospel of the Master found no opposition. Why? Because our mystic mind—our mind is essentially that—was in tune with the sublime atmosphere of the ritual which caught our wondering eyes in its beauty. We understood the symbolical enactments of the sufferings and sacrifices of the Savior who died for the sins of the world, and having died, rose to everlasting life. There is the verification of the early belief in the immortality of the soul of man. The imagination and reason of the native mind was not hard to stretch.

The work of the Church in amalgamating the European outlook with the Oriental in us was a subconscious one. The infusion of Latin candor and effervescence of thought and passion, formed a new consciousness of being in us. We eagerly sought the unfolding of our intelligences through the expression of the arts, literature and sciences. In the domain of the arts, it is clear that the Filipino mentality has succeeded in giving voice to the inner compositeness of his nature. He expresses himself in terms of the Occidental litany of composition and tools, but never forgets to delineate to more subjective emotional lines of the Oriental. Among the prized paintings of Juan Luna, in the one entitled The Spoliarum, one finds a case of perfect European execution of technique and purely European subject—a Roman scene of an arena in blood and human spoils. There one reads between the lines the Oriental pathos and revulsion at such desecrating human sacrifices.

The Church, therefore, was the main avenue leading to the further development of the Filipino mentality and it is in close alliance with Oriental and Occidental thought. No other form of worship could have better performed a task so unconsciously, because the Filipinos are so constituted psychologically that the Catholic Church is, in herself, the very mainspring of their aesthetic and spiritual growth. The Church there is a living entity!

## *Account Me Not . . .*

Account me not disgenuine that I wear
My Nessus-shirt of misery still bedeckt
With pitiful tinsel favors, still affect
Old fashions of flowers for the thorns I bear—
Nor, having made you confidant to my care,
Its worth to question and its shows suspect,
Bid me now change its utterance, now inflect
Anew its moods of passion or despair.

Friend, I have known you long—but sorrow longer.
She has no subtlety but my wit can reach.
Her arms my warders are, and surer—stronger
Their sweet compulsion grows than song could teach,
Since I must suffer and the art is mine,
To trick her torments and her pains refine.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

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# *The Old Woman of Beare*

*Translation of* FRANK O'CONNOR.

(*The Old Woman of Beare has been called "the greatest of Irish poems." Written somewhere about the tenth century, 500 years before Villon wrote La Belle Heaulmière, as Thomas McDonagh reminds us, by some poet whose very name we do not know, it had lain unnoticed up to our own day when Kuno Meyer published the original text. The Irish of the poem is difficult and it seems probable that, in some verses, another and more pious hand has been at work. Disposing from the start of the legendary setting, the story is obviously this: A woman who has lived the life of a courtesan with some of the Irish tribal kings, one of whom, Feramuid Mac Mogha, she names, is forced by poverty and old age to enter a convent where she does penance for her early sins. Looking out on the ebbing sea she remembers with regret her days of feasting and chides the girls of today that they do not love as she loved. Then, calling suddenly to her mind a flood of terrific images, she thinks of her own misery and the darkness which has swallowed up her dead lovers. Autumn brings gold to the fields but does not bring back the gold to her hair. Winter will ruin her and break open the tombs of her lovers, but will not touch Bregon or Femon where they are buried. Then the theme of the ebbing sea comes back and the poem ends on a note of absolute despair which forms a magnificent contrast to the Christian setting.*

*In the translation from the Middle-Irish, here printed, I have departed from Kuno Meyer's reading of the poem to some extent, and for one emendation to the text I am indebted to Mr. Padraig O'Donnell, M.A., of Cork.*—FRANK O'CONNOR.)

*She sees the ebb-tide.*

Ocean ebbs and ebbs with me,
Age and shame have come, these two,
Now grief makes me slim I see
Plumpness might have pleasure too.

I that am the hag of Beare
Once a shining shift would wear,
Now and since my beauty's fall
I can wear no shift at all.

*She speaks to the younger women.*

Take your pay!
Gold, not men, ye love today;
But when we were young—ah, then
We gave all our hearts to men!

Men indeed!
For our mirth they lashed the steed,
Nor would all that we could grant them
Break them, so we did not scant them.

Now, methinks, they ask you fair,
Win small wages for their care,
And the mite that love affords
Breaks their body as with swords.

*Her lovers did not regret their gifts.*

Foaming steed,
And the chariot with its speed,
Their bright day was surely ever
Blesséd with their royal giver.

*She thinks of death.*

Now my drooping limbs must go
To the house that all men know;
When God's Son shall deem it meet
Let Him call me home to it.

These my hands, if they were seen
Are but bony, wasted things,
Hands that once would grasp the hand,
Clasp the royal neck of kings!

These my hands, when they are seen,
Bony things and shriveling,
Ill it seems their like, I ween,
Round a comely lad to cling.

*Her youth is over.*

Girls are gay
When the year draws on to May,
I, a hag, a wretched one,
I must shun the light of day.

No sweet speech for me, no slaying
Wethers for my marriage-morning,
Mean veils hold my hair from straying,
Hair that's white and whiter turning.

Ah, I care
Nought for veils to bind my hair;
Many a colored veil I wore
When I drank good ale of yore.

*She thinks of the plain of Femon.*

I complain of nothing old
Save of Femon; grey and cold
Here I sit while autumn yields
Femon's fields their crown of gold!

*Her lovers, the kings, are buried there.*

Now my lords old Femon keeps,
Bregon too where Ronan sleeps,
There the storms have reached and broken
Only mortal tomb and token!

*They will not come.*

And the fretted ocean cries,
Winter's call accompanies,
So I may not hope today
Feramuid will come my way.

*Lethe.*

Where are they? Ah, well I know
To and fro they row and row
Alma Ford, and by its deep
Cold they sleep, that slept not so.

Tis "My day!"
Never child lives on to play;

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Year on year falls from my flesh
Since my fresh, sweet strength went grey.

*Death renews all things.*

Tis "My God!"
With me now, come ill or good;
Let me seek the sun for soon
All that was shall be renewed.

Summer sun and autumn sun,
These I knew, and these are gone;
Winter's ruining waters fall
Now upon me as on all.

And "Amen!" I cry, and "Woe!"
That the boughs must set them bare,
Candles quenched and feast put by
I must seek the house of prayer.

*She is in a convent.*

Once I had my day with kings
Drinking mead with them and wine,
Now a draught of whey water,
Drunk with dreary hags, is mine.

Goblets, be ye cups of whey,
Lord, Thy will be mine today,
Yet I swear, O Living God,
Prayer to frenzy turns my blood!

Mantle, see, thy hair is grey—
Nay, I wandered as I spoke,
It is I am old, I say,
I am grey and not my cloak.

Age from my right eye has taken
Light that will not reawaken,
And the other's too will take
Just for good proportion's sake.

*The ebbing sea.*

Flood tide!
Then in flight across the strand,
What to thee the flood had brought
Ebb tide sweeps from out thy hand.

Flood tide!
And the swifter tides that fall,
All those tides have come to me,
Ay, and now I know them all.

Flood tide
Ne'er my darkened cell will reach,
In the dark, men seek my side,
But a hand has fall'n on each.

Happy island of the sea,
Tide on tide will come to thee;
But to me no waters fare
When the beach at last is bare.

Passing I can scarcely say
This was such a place: today
What was water far and wide
Changes with the ebbing tide.

# PEKIN IN 1902

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

NOT clouds, but a bank of dust—yellow, fine and penetrating the finest window or door joint, borne by a cutting wind, blinding the eyes and filling the mouth and nose with the taste and smell of death—the yellow wind of the Chinese desert; ruined houses and broken walls, bullet marks and scars of shells, and from the midst of an indescribable desolation, new buildings arising—monotonous and dreary in form and color—the soul of old Pekin imprisoned for its sins in hateful foreign shell.

The legation quarter, only half recovered from the siege, surrounded by half-finished walls and moats and spacious barracks, unfinished buildings, heaps of broken marble and wrecked works of art, is connected with the outside world by a railway brought to the very gate of the sacred city, through which march or straggle the soldiers of the nine nations in dingy uniforms; and over all the dust, covering city and men alike with its yellow pall, through which loom the great city walls and the pink enclosure of the palace, the "forbidden city"—relics of China's past, a wrecked and fallen monument. Over narrow streets, raised in the middle three to four feet, flow endless streams of mule carts and shaggy ponies, smart traps of minor officials, gaily caparisoned mules, runners and messengers, and the sedan chairs of mandarins; while in the sunken parts on either side, the common herd toil and plod in the horrid dust and drainage—dirty, sodden, and sullen, like the long trains of desert camels which block the way, evil looking, but silent. Through the native crowds wind patrols of foreign soldiery, hated and feared, and native police who either salute the passing foreigner with an exaggeration of respect, or ostentatiously turn to some quite unimportant business until he has passed. Everywhere the busy, toiling, scowling mass in the fetid streets of the city—the same sullen dislike or stolid indifference—perhaps a half smothered insult, and a swift pattering of small feet behind your back as some more than daring boy seeks refuge, while his elders look on unheeding outwardly, but inwardly quaking lest his temerity bring punishment on them—for under all the hatred and contempt lies fear.

The soldiers of the West are not gentle. I visited one of the outposts of the Tientsin arsenal to see an acquaintance—a lieutenant of African cavalry. His orderly informed me that he was "hunting Chinese." I started off to join him, curious to see what it might mean, and met him, with three armed men driving some twenty panic-stricken coolies who had disobeyed the military regulations by passing a forbidden line.

"What do you do with them?" I asked.

"We used to shoot them, it was easier. It is very difficult to guard so large a territory with so few men. Last month they shot about fifty or sixty Chinese. The sentries used to kill three or four a night, sometimes. Lately we have been less severe."

And so it goes in the capital—a scattering volley of shots from the sentries at night—a few less Chinese in the morning excite no comment. At night, the streets are made unsafe by prowling bands of Chinese trained and organized by foreign riffraff—the deserters and camp followers of all the foreign troops. Even the soldiers themselves take part in these looting expeditions and are occasionally shot by the patrols or the military police. It is all natural, a matter of course, and no one asks any questions. People are used to war and sudden death.

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Here, as in Tientsin, everyone wears khaki puttees or the English leather legging and affects the military swagger.

A great beheading was announced to take place, as all these Chinese executions do, in the public street. Thirty Chinese were to be killed for minor offenses, and many foreigners attended. A beheading is one of the sights of Pekin. Not long before, there was inflicted on a servant who had killed a mandarin, his master, the punishment of the "hundred wounds." The victim, a boy of twenty, was fastened to a wooden cross in the market place and cut to pieces with a butcher's knife. One hears much of the cruelty of the foreign soldiers, but such sights make it possible to understand their severity—for be it remembered that the same cruelties and tortures, which foreigners now go to see in Pekin, were practised upon many of their compatriots during the Boxer uprising, and were reserved for them, had these same harsh and cruel troops not arrived in time. It is easy for journalists and correspondents, recently arrived from home, to criticize the troops and speak virtuously of "civilized warfare" and the example of morality and sobriety our men should set to backward nations. Civilized warfare hardly seems possible after this; the elements from which the troops are taken are, generally speaking, neither moral nor sober.

One can expect from the average troops nothing but what one can expect by the most rigid and unsparing discipline. Excite such men by sights and tales such as they must have seen and heard upon their arrival in China, and in what do they differ from the brutes they are sent to kill, except in their discipline? Remove them for an instant from their discipline, and excesses must be expected. Even so, in several cases, much of the virtuous condemnation of the troops was the result of personal feeling on the part of some correspondent who had (relying on the "power of the press") transgressed some military regulation, or whose fancy for Chinese curios had led him into conflict with the military authorities guarding the palaces and public buildings.

# COMMUNICATIONS

## WHAT CATHOLIC GRADUATES DO

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Some years ago the Bureau of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference made a study of the occupations of graduates of Catholic colleges, both men and women. The results were published in the National Catholic Welfare Conference Bulletin for March, 1923. I think your readers would be interested at this time in some of the figures. Of the colleges for men, eight representative colleges of arts and sciences were chosen for study. The names and occupations of 2,555 graduates were obtained. Their distribution was as follows—

| Occupation | Total Number | Percent |
|---|---|---|
| Business: | 701 | 27.44 |
| Priesthood: | 569 | 22.27 |
| Law: | 476 | 18.63 |
| Medicine: | 257 | 10.06 |
| Teaching (lay): | 246 | 9.63 |
| Engineering: | 42 | 1.64 |
| Dentistry: | 32 | 1.25 |
| Journalism: | 27 | 1.06 |
| Public Service: | 27 | 1.06 |
| Miscellaneous: | 178 | 6.96 |
| Total: | 2,555 | 100.00 |

Comparative figures for four colleges were as follows—

| Occupation | Loyola (Chicago) percent | Fordham percent | Holy Cross percent | Saint Francis (Brooklyn) percent |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Business: | 22 | 23 | 23.3 | 36.2 |
| Priesthood: | 24 | 18 | 22.7 | 31.2 |
| Law: | 20 | 30.2 | 13.8 | 7.8 |
| Medicine: | 8.5 | 13.5 | 10.4 | 7.6 |
| Teaching (lay): | 3.5 | 4.7 | 18.1 | 4.9 |

Increases and decreases for the five principal professions in the case of a typical college were as follows—

| Occupation | Class of 1901 percent | Class of 1910 percent | Class of 1916 percent |
|---|---|---|---|
| Business: | 12.5 | 26.4 | 31.3 |
| Priesthood: | 29.2 | 19.4 | 21.7 |
| Law: | 25.0 | 13.9 | 5.2 |
| Medicine: | 12.5 | 9.7 | 4.4 |
| Teaching (lay): | 4.2 | 18.1 | 13.9 |

Of the colleges for women, reports from nine listed 655 names. The distribution with regard to occupation was as follows—

| Occupation | Total Number | Percent |
|---|---|---|
| Teaching (lay): | 299 | 45.65 |
| Sisterhood: | 89 | 13.59 |
| Marriage: | 76 | 11.60 |
| Business: | 28 | 4.27 |
| Social Service: | 18 | 2.75 |
| Nursing: | 15 | 2.30 |
| Music: | 14 | 2.14 |
| Graduate Study: | 14 | 2.14 |
| Journalism: | 12 | 1.83 |
| Literature: | 8 | 1.22 |
| Civil Service: | 8 | 1.22 |
| Miscellaneous: | 74 | 11.29 |
| Total: | 655 | 100.00 |

Let these figures speak for themselves.

L. N. C.

## THE OBJECT OF EDUCATION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—On my return from a pilgrimage to Rome, which has kept me out of touch with life in America for several months, I turn at once to The Commonweal to be set au courant with the movement of thought here. Very naturally the discussion of Catholic colleges and the place that their graduates take in the life of the country at once attracted my attention. In a very few years now it will be half a century since I have been personally interested in Catholic colleges though, of course, I was only a high school student

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in what was called Saint John's College, Fordham, at the time when I was in attendance.

People were saying then, as they are now, that there were too many Catholic colleges and that it would be better for us to have fewer and more efficient institutions. I know what a hard struggle it must have been to get along, for counting preparatory school, high school and college students altogether, there were less than one hundred and thirty students in the house. It was four years later before we were given a holiday because of the presence of the 200th boy, who happened to be a collateral descendant of Robert Emmet and bore his name. In spite of all the handicaps, I have the feeling that they gave us a very good education. If education depended on externals, then it would have been almost impossible for a Catholic student of that day to get an education. Fortunately it depends on the inspiration that is given to a student to bring out what is within him. I have had the comforting experience of having a number of men in my middle years envy me my education—especially what they were pleased to call the thoroughness of it—and while, of course, that may be just narrowness of view on my part, I do not think that I have ever known anyone else whose education I would have exchanged for the one given me, except possibly in certain phases of graduate work. Fordham now has some seven thousand students instead of the less than seven score of my time, with equipment to correspond, yet I am not sure that the undergraduates get a better education than we did.

Just now it is said that there are too many Catholic women's colleges. They represent, I think, exactly the same problem as our Catholic men's colleges had to face fifty years ago when there were comparatively so few Catholics looking for the higher education and more colleges than could be supported with proper dignity. And yet I think the Catholic women's colleges are doing excellent work and that there is room for more, rather than less of them. There is an old American expression that Mark Hopkins sitting on one end of a log and a single college student on the other might represent a university in the sense of the breadth and depth of training of mind that would be given. I suppose the corollary of the expression would be that there might be a large number of machine shops and boiler factories on university grounds without constituting a university. Unfortunately there is so much distraction in the large institutions of learning that there is very little successful education.

What is needed just now is, as has been said, more interest in culture for its own sake, but culture is almost sacramental in the Church, and Catholic college education ought to be so steeped in it that cultural development ought to be inevitable. Culture is not easy to attain but the easiest way to secure it is through Catholic channels. Educational institutions, unfortunately the Catholic also, are just now entirely too intent on fitting their students to make money, while the secret of education, as stated by Dean West, of Princeton, is, "let us make men (and women) and they will find their work."

I had the precious privilege of a private interview with His Eminence, Cardinal Bourne, of London. He was proud to point out that English Catholics carried ever so much more weight in English life than their proportionate number in the population would seem to justify. I could not help but feel that it was eminently true that they exerted ever so much more influence than we in America do, though we have a much larger proportionate number.

No doubt the intensity of Catholic feeling in connection with education is more significant than the education itself. Our Catholic educational institutions, handicapped by straitness of means, are unable to give as expensive and expansive an education as secular and state institutions, but so long as they give a Catholic education in the true sense of that term, they will surely make better citizens and inevitably prepare people for happiness in life. These are the real objects of education.

JAMES J. WALSH.

## A COLLEGE TRUSTEE SPEAKS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—It might be well if the correspondents who are finding fault with Catholic colleges would let your readers know what experience they have to justify their writing on this subject. What opportunity have they had for inspecting the work which is actually done in such colleges, what are their qualifications for taking advantage of such opportunities, and what colleges have they inspected?

As trustee of two colleges, one for young men, the other for young women, as professor in colleges for young men as well as for young women during many years, as a member of a board of editors which has employed in editorial capacity graduates from many of our Catholic colleges, I think I am competent to speak with authority on this subject.

When editing The Catholic Encyclopedia, we sought the assistance of men and women, and we little cared from what school they came, provided they were painstaking, accurate, well-read, well-informed, well-grounded in history, literature, philosophy, and sufficiently familiar with art, science, sociology.

After trying out, to our bitter cost, young men and women who had come from colleges that are supposed to be the last word in education and in culture, we found that the young men, and particularly the young women, who came to us from Catholic institutions, not all of them even of collegiate grade, were all that we could possibly desire. The editors of The Catholic Encyclopedia will unanimously vouch for the character of the work that these young people did for us. Nay more, we are proud to testify that if that compilation has been lauded by all its critics as exceptional for its accuracy, for its neatness of diction, for its correct proof-reading, for its uniqueness and uniformity of style—all this and other merit is due to the young graduates of Catholic colleges and even of high schools, who brought to their work a devotion and conscientiousness, and all the other moral as well as mental qualities which genuine education cultivates.

When the Encyclopedia was completed, not one of these editorial assistants found any difficulty in obtaining literary or editorial work elsewhere.

Now that we are engaged in compiling the new encyclopedia, to be known as Universal Knowledge, and other similar works, just such young graduates of Catholic colleges and high schools are acting in the same capacity of editorial assistants, and they are quite competent to do so.

Let me suggest that those who are complaining that our Catholic colleges are not up to the mark show that their own education has not been defective by specifying in what respect Catholic schools generally are defective, and by giving facts to show that their specifications are as they aver. According to the Regents of the State of New York, one model small college of the state is right here on Manhattan Island, and it is a Catholic college for young women.

(REV.) JOHN J. WYNNE, S.J.

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## SUGGESTING A UNIVERSITY

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Molanphy's letter concerning the multitude of Catholic colleges contains much of interest, but in my humble opinion he is shooting a little wide of the mark. He offers a remedy for a condition he thinks diseased, which remedy to me seems not only unnecessary, but quite undesirable.

The economic and industrial conditions of this country make mass education necessary. Even if it be true, as I for one think, that the whole tradition of our Catholic faith and culture is opposed to those conditions, be supplied with education which will fit them for life as they find it. By maintaining a number of small colleges, catering mainly to day-scholars, higher education (in the present significance of the term) becomes accessible to those who otherwise could not obtain it, and only thus. The alternative is public or non-sectarian colleges where anything but Christian morals, sociology and philosophy are taught, opening thereby the sinister possibility of loss of faith at worst, or at best, leaving out of the lives of the greater number the beacon light of the great Catholic doctrines.

This in brief, is the case for a number of Catholic colleges. Such a system of education should not be the ultimate goal, as Mr. Molanphy and others have pointed out. We should educate the flower of our colleges to right the conditions all thinking men are decrying. There is an urgent need in this country for Catholic men and women who are really scholars, who can take the part of leader in the various phases of life. The only way to obtain them is to found a university which will, in truth, be a university, which will look for its students to the cream of the smaller colleges, and which will build its faculty in much the same manner, as is already being done, I believe, at Fordham.

Of course, there are numerous difficulties in the way of such a plan. There are, for example, the problems of financing such an institution; of getting students who can afford to spend three or four years in addition to their already long years of study; and of obtaining a suitable faculty. The solution of these problems lies possibly in doing these things on a very small scale at first.

As a suggestion, it might be possible, for instance, to start a school of letters (perhaps the greatest need we have is for Catholic writers of the highest calibre) with a nucleus of fifty to a hundred students, a school in which philosophy and history (from the much-neglected Catholic standpoint) would have equal weight with literature. Such a school, if situated in Connecticut, could draw on Boston, Holy Cross and Fordham—to mention only a few—without too seriously disturbing their schedules, for the greater part of its faculty, a sort of flying squadron. In addition it would be readily accessible to a great number of gifted laymen who no doubt could be induced to act as special lecturers.

This, then, would be the embryo university to which, as time went on and means became available, would be added the various other functions of a university as such. That it is to be a university is a point which must be grasped, for we have nothing in this country which can truly be called that. Mr. Molanphy closes his letter with a comparison of American Catholic colleges and European Catholic universities. The very words indicate that there can be no comparison. But it is high time we had an institution to compare with a European university.

JOHN D. MATTIMORE.

## THE MIDDLE-WESTERN COLLEGE

Cincinnati, O.

TO the Editor:—The communication of C. Molanphy in your issue of September 23, saying that "the problem of inferior students in women's Catholic colleges is acute because the highest objective of the graduates is "to teach in the grade schools," is a statement that should not go unanswered. It is a challenge. In disproof, I shall cite examples from the small college which I attend in the Middle-West. This college is incorporated under the laws of the State of Ohio with full power to confer degrees, and is listed by the department of education of the state as a standard college approved for preparing students to receive high school teachers' certificates. The students of the educational course are obliged to follow the curriculum mapped out by the state board of education as regards professional training, practice teaching and observation of high school classes.

To affirm that the goal of these graduates is to teach in a grade school, or to obtain "a secretaryship at $40.00 a week," is ridiculous. They ambition much better things. The record of our college in the last four years, shows that of those who received the A.B. degree, 75 percent also obtained a high school teacher's certificate. Of this number, 50 percent hold high school positions in the states, two are reflecting honor on their college training in Porto Rico, three are in the field of journalism, doing creditable work on daily newspapers and current periodicals, and one in Washington, D. C., is busy in the multiform activities of the National Catholic Welfare Work. That the last mentioned looks undauntedly "toward a career in social service" is not "a strange thought to the faculty," nor to the student body! Not only is it not "inconceivable that any of the students should achieve distinction in cultural activities:" one recent liberal arts graduate has actually done so. Following a musical career, she received the collegiate diploma (piano) from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, won first honors in the Ohio Singing Contest and appeared twice in concert with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. This is no slight honor in a city which holds its musical standard high.

Many of our students attend college purely for the cultural advantages, as is seen by their eagerness to secure the degrees of B.L., and A.B., and even master's degrees, without any intention of entering the commercial world. That a large proportion of the small college of which I speak is in earnest, I know by observation and by results. They are not studying for a time only or in order to "get through" quizzes. nor are they studying for the purpose of remaining on a basketball or hockey team. They are studying because they love it.

We deny that it is solely the prerogative of the larger college to broaden horizons, to appraise real literature and art and to foster self-development; nor should one over-value equipment, centralization and endowment. The intellectual advantages in small colleges may be as great as those of non-sectarian universities, minus the dangerous philosophy and false reasoning sure to be encountered in those institutions. As to great Catholic universities, we may not expect them to spring into being today or tomorrow. Meanwhile, we have to work out our salvation!

We hear a great deal about 100 per cent American, but how much about 100 percent Catholic? That question is in the hands of Catholic colleges. How will they face it?

MARY KATHERINE EARLS.
*College of the Sacred Heart.*

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# THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

## *The Bridge of Distances*

A NEW producer has entered the lists of those who would joust for the international mind in the theatre. In many ways it is a good cause. We lay passively in the doldrums for a great many years, content to see on every program, "Time: the present—Place: New York (or Ashtabula or Keokuk)." In fact we pretty much demanded this localized interest, moved perhaps by the fear that if we let our imaginations and our interests soar too far aloft and abroad, we should be compelled to do some arduous thinking. This was a false fear, obviously because the matter of thinking has to do with ideas and rich emotions rather than time or place. But we yielded to it. It took a war to make us see that men think and feel more or less in the same fashion the world over. And now we have producers scanning every foreign horizon to find material worthy to lay before the very new and most painfully erudite intelligentsia of New York.

The International Playhouse will even specialize in such mental food. By way of preface to some rather discouraging remarks about its first venture, we should wish it luck, wisdom and a rare degree of cold-bloodedness. The cause can be murdered by too facile an enthusiasm. It might even be made to appear ridiculous—which, when presented so as to be properly understood, it is not.

China, old and new, is the setting for The Bridge of Distances. The sub-title of the play is "A Print of Old China"—and if it really were that, with what delight we could welcome it. Or perhaps if it were a Chinese print of old China. Unfortunately, most of its scenes are very occidental prints indeed. The ink is heavy. The subtle artist has given way to the photographer. Even the idea of the play is western—orientalism as conceived and accepted by the over-enthusiastic western mind, stripped of its finer delicacy, mechanized by minds that seek demonstrable cause and effect, and laborious explanations for that which is inexplicable.

What there is of beauty and partial truth in the great philosophical systems of the Orient springs from intuition rather than logical tabulation and arrangement. To attempt to rationalize it, like a theorem in geometry, is to miss the spiritual core of it. When the oriental breathes vaguely of reincarnation, he is reaching essentially toward the idea of purgation. He has caught the vision of inevitable atonement. Why, in order to make this dramatically credible to the western mind, should one superimpose on a mystery of natural religion an almost Ibsenesque physiological explanation? This is just what John and Ella Scrymsour, the authors of the present play, have done. They have created a fantastic story to explain the affinity in 1925 of two beings whose marriage in a previous incarnation took place centuries earlier. The horses of rationalism—their bits between their teeth—have run wild with the chariot of oriental faith.

The initial weakness then of this play, lies in not clinging tightly enough to the origins of its own material. There has been too much attempt to westernize an eastern theme. But the trouble does not end here. Even when the authors pick up the thread of the original Chinese romance, which is supposed to explain the affinity between an English girl and a Chinese diplomat in the prologue, we do not find a drama of sustained interest or of anything like equal value. There are certain isolated scenes of considerable beauty and poetic feeling, interspersed with moments of heavy-footed melodrama. This creates a curious lack of unity and so completely destroys the dramatic sequence that you receive a false impression of interminable length.

You will remark that just as in the theme, itself, you are shifted back and forth from eastern mysticism to western physiology, so in the dramatic action the mood jumps from poetry to melodrama and back again with such rapidity as to destroy all illusion of reality. Even the dramatic construction of the play is weak and in one point, at least, so crude as to bring a laugh from the audience.

In brief, it must be set down in the records of the International Playhouse, that in its first venture it has fallen a victim to precisely that facile enthusiasm which I mentioned as being its greatest enemy. The mystical beliefs of the Orient exert a strange fascination over a certain type of western mind without apparently awakening that mind to the real inwardness of these beliefs. They should either be left alone entirely because of the danger inherent in what are at best partial truths, or else interpreted with a fidelity to the oriental mood which makes it possible to see in partial truth the groping toward the completion and fulfilment so magnificently portrayed in Dante, or the writings of the great Christian mystics. The Bridge of Distances is important only as an illustration of how completely beauty can be disfigured through dramatic mishandling, and through lack of understanding arising from an incomplete and loose-jointed philosophy.

## *Applesauce*

LET us write largely on the record of the early season that this play by Barry Conners, in a homely and unpretentious way, manages to furnish a clean, amusing and at times highly entertaining evening.

It is not a great play, nor is it high comedy. Much of it rolls along about on the level of Mr. Brigg's famous cartoons of "Mr. and Mrs." The hero spends far too much time impersonating a male Polyanna. Anyone looking for sophisticated entertainment would probably turn up a superior nose at most of its situations and most of its comedy. In spite of all this, which I readily admit, it is a neat play with many delightful bits of characterization, and at least one spark of very fine acting.

The general theme is that a certain amount of "applesauce," or "soft soap," or whatever you might want to call it, aids mightily in smoothing the daily path of existence. The chief male character is the "show-off" viewed from another angle. Allen Dinehart saves this character from falling into complete sentimentality by giving a straightforward and honest piece of interpretation.

But the high honors of a pleasant evening fall to Jessie Crommette in the part of an harassed and ineffectual mother whose wings beat against the winds of daily existence with pathetic futility. Miss Crommette puts into her delineation of this character all the skill and the delicacy of a Ruth Gordon. You are likely to remember the pale and nervous figure of Ma Robinson long after the play is forgotten.

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### *The Buccaneer*

THE co-authors of What Price Glory?, Messrs. Anderson and Stallings, are responsible for this flight into the realms of historical, romantic drama. The result of their effort is extraordinarily interesting—not as a play, let us hasten to remark—but as a comment on their first collaboration, What Price Glory? itself.

In looking back over the comments of last season, I find that my fresh impression of What Price Glory? led me to say—"It is not so much a play at all as it is a record of incidents and pointed situations." I have never had any particular reason for changing this opinion, and after seeing The Buccaneer, I am doubly sure that it was a fair statement of fact. Both Mr. Anderson and Mr. Stallings are newspaper men. In What Price Glory?, they performed a magnificent feat of journalistic reporting on a subject and on characters of singular public interest at the moment. They stated with accuracy and great power an impression of the effect of war on character which had not previously become articulate, but which undoubtedly pervaded the public mind. The play gave vent to feelings of the moment.

Now, in The Buccaneer, these same two authors have essayed a flight into the ether of creative drama. They are no longer journalists reporting facts of their own observation in dramatic form. They are trying now to re-create a past, to fashion a comedy in definite dramatic form, and to evoke a public interest in a theme of human, but hardly of present immediate interest.

In trying to do this they have failed lamentably—and failed for the identical reason that prevented What Price Glory? from being a really great play. In other words, they are not as yet good dramatists. They have not achieved a mastery of play construction. Above all, they have shown that when they were not overpowered by the strength of the theme itself, they are not able to achieve that unity of mood and treatment which gives power and impetus and sustained interest to a well-constructed play.

There are moments when The Buccaneer sparkles with true Shavian comedy. The scene in the anteroom of King Charles II might easily have been written by Shaw himself. Unfortunately, this is not a very high compliment to the authors of The Buccaneer. To say that they are good imitators is to say they show a lack of essential originality.

On the other hand, the play lapses at frequent intervals from the Shavian key to a note of very commonplace romantic swashbuckling. Nor is this due entirely to William Farnum's interpretation of Captain Henry Morgan. It is quite true that at times Mr. Farnum reminds one more of Paul Whiteman than of a lusty privateer of 1670. It is quite true that his dramatic fervor mounts incredibly at the mention of bloody decks. But all this is not entirely his fault. The lines placed in his mouth are at many times of the quality usually found in school-boy romances of the pirateers. You might almost expect to see Peter Pan drop on to the stage when Henry Morgan grows eloquent. Estelle Winwood does all that is possible with an impossible part.

It seems a pity that two men of such undoubted talent should venture prematurely into forms of the drama which demand the highest technical skill and which, therefore, display most clearly the authors' outstanding weaknesses. If they are not careful they may discover, all too soon, that sudden glory has a very high price indeed, in the temptation it brings to live on glory itself and to disregard patient workmanship.

# BOOKS

## BOOKS ON SOCIOLOGY

CATHOLICS making a claim to education cannot afford to ignore sociological thought, for sociology touches Catholic philosophy on hundreds of points, such as marriage and divorce, the origin of the state, relations between the church and state. And sociology has a contribution to make to Catholic ethics by furnishing a scientific view of facts upon which many ethical judgments must be based, as, for instance, the content of a living wage.

There has always been some sociological thinking. Aristotle's Politics or Plato's Republic might be called sociology. But the science of sociology is usually dated from Auguste Comte's Positive Philosophy. Harriet Martineau's rather free English translation and condensation of this, in two volumes, was published by Chapman, of London, in 1853, but there have been later editions. A résumé of the sociological sections has been made by Rigolage and published by Alcan, in Paris, 1897. The principal sections are also available in Carver's Sociology and Social Progress (Boston: Ginn and Company. 1905).

Herbert Spencer, in his attempt to synthesize all the sciences on the principle of evolution, produced three volumes which he called Principles of Sociology (New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1900) besides his Descriptive Sociology (New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1910). Spencer's biological analogies are now largely discredited among sociologists, and the present tendency is to emphasize the psychological viewpoint. McDougal, who is primarily a psychologist (Social Psychology. London: Methuen. 1920) and Ellwood, who is primarily a sociologist (Sociology in Its Psychological Aspects. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1921) may be considered sufficiently representative of this tendency.

With Comte and Spencer as godfathers of the new science, it is not surprising that sociology has shown a rather marked tendency towards materialism, agnosticism, and determinism. Deploige, a professor of the University of Louvain, has written a whole book on the conflict between morality and sociology (Le Conflit de la Morale et de la Sociologie. University of Louvain. 1911. A later edition, with some additions, has been published in the Nouvelle Libraire Nationale. Paris: 1923).

Unfortunately, Catholics have left the development of this science of sociology almost entirely to others. There is no Catholic text giving a view of the whole field of sociology, and very few Catholic books at all dealing with theoretical sociology. The simplest and clearest book covering the whole subject is Hayes's Introduction to the Study of Sociology (New York: D. Appleton and Company. The first edition was in 1915, but there have been later editions at frequent intervals). Hayes is a determinist, as is shown clearly in his book, Sociology and Ethics, but his determinism is not particularly obtrusive in the Introduction.

When we turn to individual topics under the general title of sociological, there are innumerable books. Here we can only touch the high spots. There is a general view of applied sociology in Ellwood's Sociology and Modern Social Problems (New York: American Book Company. 1919) with references to additional reading.

On certain particular points Catholics have made some worthwhile contributions. And on sociology under the aspect of a sort of philosophy of history, we may mention Devas's Key to the World's Progress (New York: Longmans, Green and

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Company. 1912). Urwick's Philosophy of Social Progress (London: Methuen. 1912) is quite Catholic in thought. On the other side, Buckle's Introduction to the History of Civilization in England (New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1919) though largely discredited among scholars, should nevertheless be read. E. C. Semple's Influences of Geographic Environment (New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 1911) is quite sane.

The problems connected with population are numerous and important. Malthus's Theory of Population (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Everyman Edition) should be read, because his position, or rather the misrepresentation of his position, has had a remarkable influence upon public opinion. Birth control and neo-Malthusianism trace themselves back to the impetus given by this book. Kind und Volk, by Hermann Muckerman, S.J. (Freiburg: Herder. 1921) is a good Catholic antidote. Carr-Sanders's The Population Problem (Oxford: 1922) presents an enormous amount of material on this problem. Father Cooper's Birth Control (Washington, D. C.: National Catholic Welfare Conference. 1923) though brief, is by far the best treatment of this subject from the Catholic point of view.

Though primarily biological, the question of heredity and eugenics has an important sociological bearing. And here the contribution of Abbot Mendel cannot be overlooked. His papers are printed in Castle's Genetics and Eugenics (Harvard University Press. 1924) and any textbook of biology will give a simple explanation of his theories. Several studies of the descendants of feeble-minded progenitors have been made, among the most famous being The Jukes, by R. L. Dugdale (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1910) and The Kallikak Family, by H. H. Goddard (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1921). The latter's Feeblemindedness, Its Causes and Consequences (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1923) treats the problem from a broader standpoint. Tied up with this same question is the proposal to sterilize criminals. For the moral aspect of sterilization and the right of the state to use it under certain conditions, the discussion in The American Ecclesiastical Review some fifteen years ago should be consulted. Catholic opinion was divided.

Applied sociology in the field of charity and philanthropy is almost unlimited. Devine's Misery and Its Causes (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1912) and Principles of Relief (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1914) are still good. Dr. Kerby's Social Mission of Charity (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1921) is rather abstract and philosophical, but every Catholic should read it. Warner's American Charities (New York: Crowell Publishing Company. 1919) is a good history of organized charity in America. The old prejudice against organized charity has largely disappeared in Catholic circles, and we now have our own diocesan organizations; but this book will repay careful reading.

On specific problems of social reform, Ryan's Living Wage (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1920) ranks very high, and was a pioneer in discussing this particular topic. It is not too much to say that whatever minimum wage legislation we have in this country is largely due to the impetus in this direction given by Dr. Ryan. His book should be supplemented by some post-war study of the standard of living, such as Standards of Living: A Compilation of Budgetary Studies (Washington, D. C.: Bureau of Applied Economics. 1920). Florence Kelly's Some Ethical Gains through Legislation (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1914) while somewhat out of date now, is nevertheless decidedly good as showing what legislation can accomplish in this field of social reform.

Among the multiplicity of other problems of social reform, two stand out in bold relief—unemployment and social insurance. Klein's Burden of Unemployment (New York: Russell Sage Foundation. 1923) can be supplemented by J. A. Hobson's Economics of Unemployment (London: Allen. 1922) while Rubinow may be consulted on Social Insurance (New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1913).

As regards systems of social reform, the student should be familiar with the American single tax theory as expounded by Henry George in his Progress and Poverty (New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 1920). Dr. Ryan has a criticism of the single tax, and a discussion of its ethical implications in the Catholic World of June and July, 1911; and October, 1912. Karl Marx's Capital (Chicago: Kerr. 1909) was an epoch-making book. From the Catholic side, one cannot do better than familiarize himself with Heinrich Pesch's system of solidarism as he has discussed it at length in his Lehrbuch der National Ökonomie (Freiburg: Herder).

Scattered through the very scholarly periodical, Anthropos, founded in 1906 by the Reverend P. W. Schmidt, S.V.D., are numerous articles of great sociological interest. This is one Catholic undertaking which has won universal recognition in its particular field, and I suppose every non-sectarian university of any standing in this country takes this technical journal. Father Schmidt and his confrères deserve every encouragement in their attempt to bring the Catholic missionary's experience to bear on social science.

*Charles Dickens and Other Victorians, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.*

ONE is tempted to say that these essays suffer from having been written to be delivered, and to withdraw the statement immediately it has been made. For the particular charm that one senses here is the charm of a speaker addressing an audience with which he feels on terms of familiarity—with which he can let himself go and may admonish as well as cajole. The audience in this case is that of a group of undergraduates at Cambridge University, at which institution Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is King Edward VII Professor of English literature. The volume under review contains his gathered lectures during the course of an academic year.

Approaching the Victorian scene, Sir Arthur hails Dickens as its chief and mightiest figure. He does not thus unqualifiedly salute him, but the warmth of his admiration betrays the heights of his appraisal. He is not blind to the master's faults, however, and castigates them soundly. He detects traits of narrowness and bitterness carried over from early childhood impressions. He is hard upon the creator of Pickwick, Sam Weller, and the Doll's Dressmaker stooping to the journalistic expediency of "drawing from life." And in Dickens's impatience with organized religion and the benefits of social agencies, he notes a blind spot. Yet these limitations are regarded as so many flecks on the surface of an image whose heart is made of gold. Concluding his discussion of this novelist, he quotes an affectionate tribute of Tolstoy's and remarks—"That is how the tall ships, the grandees of literature, dip their flags and salute as they pass. Gentlemen, let us leave it at that." With Thackeray he professes but an "imperfect sympathy," deplores his deliberate aloofness, in marked contrast to the good fellowship of Dickens, and recalls Henley's saying that the author of Vanity Fair was "ever too conscious

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of a footman behind his chair." But Thackeray's prose! Ah, there is the grand compensation for snobbery and all other pettiness. And as an example of that prose and "its lovely, liquid notes," Sir Arthur read for his hearers the scene from Henry Esmond, in which Henry returns from campaigning and is reconciled to his mistress.

After leaving Dickens and Thackeray stark against the background of their own importance, the lecturer turns to lesser figures and relates them to the general setting of nineteenth-century British industrialism. Thus Mrs. Gaskell and Benjamin Disraeli are viewed as writers who used the form of fiction as a method of protest against squalid working conditions and the employment of child labor. The course ends with a talk on that indefatigable weaver of tales, Anthony Trollope, and his "loom of honest tweed." Nowhere in these studies is there an attempt to classify, to put giants in pigeon-holes, to draw fine conclusions. The authors treated are not considered as constituting a group or a school. Sir Arthur holds no brief for or against what is termed "Victorian morality." There is only one comparison that might be taken as invidious, that in which the scrupulosity of later day writers, in their quest for the "inevitable phrase," is pitted against the happy carelessness of their predecessors. Thackerary dashed off his chapters at the eleventh hour; Trollope wrote, watch in hand, exacting of himself 250 words every fifteen minutes.

The method of criticism pursued in this book is one that is fast passing out of fashion; for it is leisurely, scholarly, and gentlemanly. It does not seek to dissect or to probe; is not zealous of tearing the heart out of the matter. It is a method that is appreciative rather than analytical, speaking strictly; and the various discourses aim to stimulate to wider reading and a broader outlook on life. They come freighted with the fruits of learning, with friendly wisdom, and a sense of humor; and their style is as felicitous as their substance. Happy the youth who, in the "susceptible season of youth," may harken to such direction!

LANDON M. ROBINSON.

*The Perennial Bachelor, by Anne Parrish. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.*

THE second Harper prize novel, curiously enough, begins at the same point in national history as did its predecessor in honor, The Able McLaughlins. However, this item of similarity serves mainly to point the very considerable differences which exist between the two books. Miss Wilson dealt with the hard-fibred, wholesome, laborious, civic-minded Scotch pioneers settled in the farming lands of the Middle-West—folk who perforce took their duty to God, themselves and their country very seriously indeed. To them the Civil War, while it lasted, was the central fact of existence, and the novel which gave the brief and beautifully done transcription of their lives showed them integrally grouped about the national cataclysm, partaking in its movement and receiving its effects.

To the Campion family, on the other hand, the subjects of Mrs. Parrish's narrative, the Civil War was merely an episode that touched them in no way except to diminish their income. They were members of the aristocracy, a genteel, established social unit planted on the borders of the South, hearing sometimes of the battles that were being fought, watching the fleet sail down the river, learning, in due course, without excessive perturbation, that President Lincoln had been assassinated. This immunity from tragedy was due partly to the fact, which Mrs. Parrish has accurately seized, that war never enters the stuff of wealthy lives as it does the stuff of poor ones; but partly also to the circumstance that the Campion family consisted only of a widowed mother, three little girls, and a baby, Victor.

It is this baby for whom the story is named. The Perennial Bachelor is not a tale at all, in the sense that Miss Wilson's novel was a tale. It is, or aspires to be, the working-out of a social theme. It aims to depict the victimization, innocent but none the less real, of a whole family of females at the hands of one demanding male. When Victor is a little boy, he prevents his mother's second marriage, thereby denying her both individual happiness and the chance of refounding the waning family fortunes. A few years later, his eldest sister Maggie sends her lover out of her life, for she feels that her prime duty is to Victor. The sisters make great sacrifices to send him to Harvard, where his career sheds little lustre on the family name; later still, they descend to taking in boarders, and finally they sell their old home. Through it all Victor preserves his own social life, paying calls and attending balls right on into our present, where we leave him, an ancient beau, long outmoded, laughed at by the younger generation and going home to the last surviving sister for comfort.

This is a more ambitious scheme than that of The Able McLaughlins, but matters are evened up by the fact that the latter achieved its own simple purpose better. Mrs. Parrish accomplishes excellent things in the indication of periods. The 'sixties and 'seventies are recreated here with a warmth and vividness which bespeak patient study and a fine flair for atmospheres. But her theme often seems "managed" and unconvincing. Time and again it is unfairly buttressed by accident, as in the case of Maggie's love loss, and the various tragic deaths. It suffers, too, from the insignificance of the central character, from whom the author again and again stealthily wanders to dwell upon the more solid Maggie.

MARY KOLARS.

*Life Begins Tomorrow, by Guido da Verona. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.*

GUIDO DA VERONA is a best seller in Italy—Life Begins Tomorrow, his most successful novel yet to be published. Apparently, the popular novelists of Italy differ from Harold Bell Wright, Curwood, or Gene Stratton-Porter. Spacious sentiment decked in moral heroics does not exist here. Apparently, the traditional influence of the early Italian novellieri perseveres, for the vigor of this novel has obvious alliance with the old melodramatic stories of blood and thunder.

To the American temperament, the problem of da Verona's novel is not likely to make wide appeal, for it lacks sympathetic interest. It is with us a blind alley theme. For as yet the question of the right of love to exist, even in exceptional cases—to find expression at the price of life—has not become a debatable issue. Despite all our mordant tinctured fiction, with its search for the surprise and thrill, such is still inhuman to our tastes. Here, it asks serious consideration of an exceptional case. The question is raised; and also solved. The superman is justified. To the drama of the triangle situation has been added a contact with mob psychology that heightens the situation, but also distracts from the point at issue, and which introduces a new situation adapted to attract sympathy to the superman, beset by herd opinion. To this problem of casuistry, the hectic speech, the trappings of melodrama, much pseudo science, the frequent use of an idiot brother for symbolic purpose, are alien notes to mar some real literary excellence. Decidely, the conclusion, in every way, leaves much to be desired.

EDWIN CLARK.

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JOHN F. McCORMICK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1925.
(Seal) A. E. RENTON.
(My commission expires March 31, 1927.)

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LANDON M. ROBINSON, MARY KOLARS, and EDWIN CLARK are frequent contributors of literary criticism to current magazines.

## BRIEFER MENTION

*Gentleman Riches, by Lucille Borden. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.*

THIS is primarily the love story of Ginestra, a beautiful Anglo-American pagan, and Anthony Trecarrel, her Catholic lover. However, other figures of importance enter the narrative: Margot d'Orée, the dancer, whose early life was mysteriously entwined with that of Ginestra's first husband; Poupée, the little convent girl, whose insight into the hearts of others is a directive force throughout; Bishop and Mrs. Liscomb, whom sincerity and singleness of heart finally lead from an increasingly dubious Anglicanism into the Catholic Church; Hester Dane, Ginestra's older sister, who directs the latter's life for years like a malign fate. The action veers from England the scene of Ginestra's and Anthony's innocent love, to Africa, whither the husband provided for her by her sister carries her, and then by way of America, where Ginestra feels that first stirrings of religious awakening, back to England again. Interest is sustained by a cleverly complicated plot, and the rosy ending is sufficiently qualified by touches of realism to be believable.

*Primitive Religion, by Robert H. Lowie. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.50.*

YEARS ago, Sir Alfred Lyall, in his Asiatic Studies, in which he deals with the unending theorizing of so many ethnologists, says—"I think that one effect of the accumulation of materials has been to encourage speculative generalization, because it has provided a repertory out of which one may make arbitrary selection of examples and precedents to suit any theory." Just so; "arbitrary selection" and the fallacy of selected instances leave their trail over a huge proportion of books in the ethnological line, and especially of those dealing with the subject that Professor Lowie has in hand. There is sane criticism of some of the theories which have been put forth in this branch of knowledge, even of that most preposterous birth from the brain of man—the idea that all religion is misdirected eroticism; a theory which out-Freuds Freud. From this book one carries away the conviction that, as Jevons puts it, communion with God through a sacrificial meal is the core of all religions. Professor Lowie asks the question—Will religion survive the shock of science? His answer is in the affirmative.

*The Publishers' Weekly* for September 12 contains an interesting reference to an old volume, The Metrical Lives of the Saints, written at the end of the thirteenth century, more than fifty years before the beginning of printing, and a full century before Columbus and his discovery of America. The book has been unearthed at Oxford and it sets forth, among other scientific facts that have since been verified, that—

"As an appel the urthe is round, so that evermo
Half the urthe the sonne by-schyneth, how so hit evere go."

Furthermore, the old monastic author of these lives of the saints declared that the moon of itself gave forth no light, but merely reflected the sun like a mirror; that the earth is bigger than the moon, and the sun measured 165 times larger than the earth; that the sun is so far from the earth that it would take a traveler 8,000 years, at the rate of forty miles a day, before he reached it. He also states that our father Adam, if he had set out on the day of his creation, would still be on his way to this centre of our heating system.

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## THE QUIET CORNER

*I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.*—C. LAMB.

Dr. Angelicus put down the letter he had been reading and turned abruptly to Tittivillus. "I am not at home to any visitors today. Allow no one to enter."

"Why this solitary confinement, Doctor?" asked the Editor. "I thought you liked to receive callers."

"Not when they announce such a purpose as that outlined in this letter," declared Angelicus. "The life of a poet is really no longer without menace."

"Has someone threatened your life because they don't like your poetry?" demanded Primus Criticus, somewhat brutally.

"Not at all," said the Doctor, trying to conceal a complacent smile. "No one wants to kill me. Au contraire, someone wants to kiss me. Heigh-ho," and the Doctor attempted an indifferent yawn.

"Who, what, where, and why?" asked Miss Anonymoncule.

"Oh," said the Doctor, "a very discerning lady, who, having read my latest volume of verse, was so entranced that she has come all the way from California only to kiss me—at least so she states in her letter. She announces very determinedly that she will call on me for that purpose this morning. Hence my orders to Tittivillus. Heigh-ho." Dr. Angelicus's second stage-yawn was even more affected than the first.

"But aren't you too discreet in turning her away with her purpose unfulfilled?" asked Primus Criticus.

"My dear Criticus," said Dr. Angelicus, "when you have reached my age you will realize that in all these little matters that arise so frequently in the life of a poet—ahem—discretion is the better part. You also forget that I have never seen the lady. She—er—might not be quite to my taste. For instance, when compelled to kiss anyone, I confine myself to blondes."

"Well," said the Editor, thoughtfully, "you might post Tittivillus as a lookout in the corridor. He could stand by the bell, and when she came along and asked for you, he could ring the bell once, if she were a brunette—twice, if she were a blonde—and three times, if she were very pretty. You could then answer by return signal from the buzzer on your desk whether or not you were willing to undertake the hazard. It would be too bad if—"

"No, you don't understand," interrupted Angelicus. "I repeat, at my age, one realizes, alas, that the ladies who wish to kiss poets are never blondes. It is one of the curses of our lot. Besides, I am quite in agreement with N. A. Semashko, Commissar of Health of the Soviet government. A recent despatch from Leningrad states that he has begun an active movement against kissing, which he characterizes as not only an unnecessary and frivolous practice, but a pernicious source of danger to health. No, Tittivillus, I am not at home this morning."

Everyone looked disappointed; whereupon the Editor, who is always anxious to have the atmosphere of the Library a happy one, said—"Nevertheless, I think the lookout system I devised a very good one. Tittivillus, you will stand by the door and ring the bell as I suggested."

"Yes, sir," said the boy and started for the door, which just then was flung open.

"Too late," groaned Angelicus, vainly trying to get behind the narrow screen beside his desk.

"What are you doing Doctor?" demanded the visitor. At the hearty masculine tones, Doctor Angelicus turned in relief.

"Cyril Egan!" he cried as he extricated himself from the screen. "Delighted to see you. I was afraid you were someone else."

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"This isn't the first of the month, is it?" asked Mr. Egan.

"Oh, it's really too bad of him," declared Miss Anonymoncule. "It's only a poor lady who has come all the way from California to kiss him, and he won't play."

"Tittivillus, you will follow my orders anyway," said the Editor sternly.

"Right," said the boy. "One for a brunette, two for a blonde, and three if she's a knock-out." Exit Tittivillus.

"You should not be so particular about beauty," said Mr. Cyril Egan, a welcome visitor. "Ideas and standards change. 'What is the perfect type of male beauty?' I asked my friend Waldo—Waldo, being in my opinion a veritable pumpkin of masculine ugliness, I thought that he, best of all my acquaintances, might vouch a detached and unprejudiced opinion.

"He sighed and, profoundly melancholy, stirred his coffee.

" 'All beauty,' discoursed Waldo, after he had deliberated the question and gulped his coffee down,—'is a relative thing, the major and complementary factors thereof being Time and Hair. As mankind grows older, the race tends to perfection; as the race tends to perfection, it sheds its hair. The prehistoric Adonis was a furry creature, who grew two beards, one on—the other from—his chest.

" 'Time passed: the biblical Apollos took the spotlight; and though one might grow chin-whiskers long enough to trip oneself, it was considered impolitely unhandsome to be otherwise than bald—or baldescent—below the neck . . .

" 'Skim with me lightly over four or five thousand years; and you will find even the chin-whiskers shrinking slowly but surely into the most modest proportions, finally to fade forever from the physiognomical landscape into mere dots.

" 'Soon also the mustache shortens, narrows, contracts to a silly parody of mouse-whiskers . . . presently to be no more.

" 'Too, the coiffure no longer flows . . . no longer billows; then come the head polishers to slick down the hair even with the head, and to polish said head until it looks barren as a waxwork eggshell. Then come the bald spots, growing ever larger and larger . . . meeting, merging . . . ultimately to become epidemic, leaving not a single hair to hide the glittering beauty of the naked pate. Finally the eyebrows go—'

" 'But, my dear man,' I cried,—'enough!—You don't mean to tell me——' I paused, and gave a bewildered gaze at the head of Waldo—bald—completely; eyebrowless—absolutely.

" 'Yes,'—Bald Waldo bowed, and there was sorrow in his voice—'I admit it: *I* am the perfect type of male beauty; *I* am the ultimate in civilized pulchritude, the ideal toward which the race is evoluting! But—Lord help my involuntary bachelorhood—I am 3,000 years ahead of my time!' "

Dr. Angelicus rubbed his own bald spot reflectively. Just at that moment the bell pealed one long mournful ring.

"Show her in," shouted the Doctor through the transom.

"But Doctor—it's the brunette signal," protested Miss Anonymoncule.

"My child," said Angelicus, pointing to his bald spot, "come blonde—come brunette. It's growing."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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